

FRANCES SLOOUM
and
SIDNEY LEAR
—
WRIGHT



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FRANCES SLOCUM;

THE LOST SISTER.

ALSO

SIDNEY LEAR;

A METRICAL ROMANCE.

FRANCES SLOCUM;

THE LOST SISTER.

A POEM,

By

CALEB EARL WRIGHT,

Author of "Marcus Blair," Etc.

of Boy, L. 1000 Pa

ROBERT BAUR & SON,
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DEDICATION.

Amongst the many affecting incidents attending the early settlement of the beautiful valley of Wyoming, and in the stirring times of the Revolutionary War, was the capture and carrying into captivity of Frances Slocum at the age of five years. She was the daughter of a Quaker, whose Family, whilst the chief portion of the resident families had fled, ventured to remain in the valley of the noted massacre, in July, 1778.

But short time after the common exodus, a lurking band of the Delawares, seized the little girl, who, with outstretched hands towards the anguished mother, was borne from a home it was no more her privilege to see.

In search of the lost, the brothers for many subsequent years made fruitless journeys throughout the northern portion of the Union and provinces of Canada. To the dying mother, who never lost faith in the final discovery of her child, the sons made assurance of continued efforts.

It was not until the lapse of sixty years, and after the mother's decease, intelligence reached them, that a white woman, the widow of a Miami Chief, was residing amongst that tribe in the state of Indiana. That to a Government Agent she had asserted, that her birth place was on the Susquehanna, and her father's name was Slocum.

Thrilled with the intelligence, the two brothers, and the sister, older than the captive, hastily set forth. "Joseph," said the latter, as they approached the designated place; "we shall certainly know if it is Frances, as her finger-nail was hammered off by thee in the smithshop."

It has been my aim to pay some tribute to the memory of this victim of savage rapacity, and to dedicate the same to two descendants of the Slocums, Edmund Griffin Butler and George Slocum Lennett.

C. E. W.

7th March, 1879.

FRANCES SLOCUM.

I.

"I had not thought to see thy face ; and lo, God hath shewed me
also thy seed."

Israel to Joseph.

Imperial Moosic ! On thy brow
The tread of centuries is stamp'd
A target of the blinding snow,
By fleecy, drifting vapor damp'd.

No pride of forest growth is thine,
But gnarléd bush and creeping vine ;
No tenant of that frigid face
Save one, aerial king sublime,
And paramount of all the clime,
Plum'd tyrant of the feather'd race.
Perched on thy crags, his auric eye

Sweeps all the sylvan realm beneath—
On meads aglow with varied dye,
On mists that on the river lie—
On wand'ring herds of hill or heath;
And ploughmen in the morning gleam
Whistling behind the creeping team.

Not yet by summer rains effac'd
The crimson stains by carnage trac'd,
On meadow flow'r and forest bud—
Memorial tablatures in blood!
For through yon gorge, like avalanche

Its torrent pouring down the Alps,
In hot precipitate advance,
Briton and Tory joining blades
With rangers of the forest glades,
Demoniac traffickers in scalps,
(That in the English marts of trade
Were sought and purchas'd by the bale,)
Swoop sudden on the fated vale,

In charging battle line array'd.
Muster'd in haste—unmeet the band,
This triune cohort to withstand.
How brief the fray!—misnam'd a fight—
But test of mastery in flight.
A bloodless conflict of the field,
 A horror when the sword was sheath'd—
A day that darker crime reveal'd
 Than yet by bulletin bequeath'd.

Three moons or more their light have shed
 Upon this gory slaughter pen.
Revering hands have glean'd the dead;
 Gather'd from plain and hill and glen,
From willow copse and dark ravine,
And cinder heaps of house or shed
And from the river's banks and bed.
Grim witnesses, of ghastly mien,
 To broken faith and plighted word—
Upon each skull, distinctive seen,

Gashes of tomahawk or sword,
And scalpless ev'ry patriot's head,
These mantles over manhood spread,
Invoic'd, as merchantable stores,
To consignees on foreign shores.

But now are gone the files of war,
And hush'd the morning drum's tattoo;
No bugle note or shout afar,
Or neighing steeds with foaming flank
Rush furious from rank to rank;
The field is won, the conflict through,
And where the dead in slaughter sank,
The springing clover wet with dew.

II.

Not full the measure of domestic peace

To them, the forests turning into fields;

Not theirs from boding fears to find release,

Or sleep the sleep for which fatigue appeals ;

Their sweating labor winning slow increase

Of promis'd store the furrow'd soil reveals ;

For, night by night, the settler's fireside group

May, ringing in their ears, wake to the prowlers'
whoop.

From mountain slope, or copse, or reedy sedge,

From hazle clump or alder's cov'ring shade,

With reeking knife, and ire of keener edge,

And willing hand to drive the piercing blade ;

And glitt'ring eyes that bitter deeds presage,

Gairish in pomp of rudest taste display'd,

The Delaware, with hellish hate imbued,
Would glut on helpless babes, his savage thirst for
blood.

Who yet with the authentic pen has shed
The light of truth historic on this race?
Grim Torture's sons!—wielding the hatchet red,
Firing the splints thrust into breast and face;
Stripping with gory blade the captive's head,
Of that fair crown a Maker put in place.
For lengthen'd ages, but one Nero sprung;
These, each and all alike, spare neither old nor
young.

Whose blood of any here comes down from one
Of that doom'd circle plac'd by yonder rock?
Is not the battle o'er—the day's work done,
And peace succeeded the tumultuous shock?
How is it, haughty, high Britainia's son
This thing goes on?—is your pow'r but a mock?

Else why these men, standing for home and law,
Here slaughtered, mangled, butcher'd by a toothless
squaw.

Some, when the sword and torch and scalping knife
Had rested from their labors in the vale,
Yet linger'd in the wasted field of strife ;
While others, old and young, and sick and frail,
Tumultuous fled through forest regions, rife
With all the terrors human breasts assail ;
Cum'bring the paths extending wilds becloud,
A helpless, houseless, famish'd, wild despairing
crowd.

Led by an inward, ever burning light
Of *peace* the warrant and goodwill to men ;
Oppos'd to wrong, defenders of the right,
Believing God his holy benison
Bestows where peace and kindly love unite,
Meekly treading, the pathway of his son ;

Are those, who deem war's gory sway should cease,
Like Penn, unarm'd, who conquest won by deeds of
peace.

Yet in the fated valley resident,
In quiet occupation of their lands ;
Or at their forge, or o'er the needle bent,
Believing in the Mighty God's commands,
That by the sweating face should bread be sent ;
Were those of peaceful lives and bloodless hands.
One family, when those around had flown,
Trusting in God and harmless lives, were left alone.

III.

The smithy furnace fire is out ;
And still'd the clinking anvil's din ;
The usual debris strewn about,
And apron hung upon its pin ;
For but an hour the smith is gone,
And wife and babes are left alone.
Far better had the father stay'd,
Defender of his hearth and home ;
Mayhap not on his heart had laid
Through lapse of years the weight of doom.
The housewife o'er her task is bent,
The artless children all at play ;
When through the door in fierce array
Rushes the hideous visitant ;
Wolves less intent upon their prey !
The peaceful throngs of other climes

Beneath the banner of the law,
In hearing of the welcome chimes
That saints to sweet communion draw ;
May vainly judge the dark abyss,
Whelming the soul in hours like this.
Not mother's pray'r nor infant's cry,
Nor wail in brutal clutch, avails ;
The cord that knits humanity,
That love that over all prevails,
The love which on the fatal tree
Set crime from condemnation free,
A passion is of Heav'nly grace,
That in the savage has no place.

A stripling by a neighbor sent
Has ground his knife ; and with his thumb
Touches the sharpened edge, intent
To know if well the task is done ;
Too well forsooth !—with horror dumb,
All see one demon snatch the knife ;

And when another myrmidon
Has sent a bullet through his throat,
The other slashes off his crown,
And all the cottage floor 's afloat
With crimson rivulets of life.
Now wild despair ! the anguish'd mother
Joyful perceives two offspring fly ;
A fragile girl drags forth a brother,
Tender of age and flying hears
The savage whoop and mocking jeers,
Mingled with wail and piteous cry
Of those left in captivity.
What change few fleeting moments bring !
The airy castles that we build,
And Fancy's supple fingers gild
And garnish with the bloom of spring,
One autumn frost, one tempest gust,
And naught but unimbodied dust !

Stamp'd on the mother's heart away,
Last vision of the fated day !
Borne through the sedge in hurried race
 One little hand stretch'd back to her—
 Shudd'ring Despair's interpreter !
The other parting on her face
 The fallen curls, that hid the white
Features, that never more shall trace
 The eyes that caught her infant smile ;
And watch'd each petal charm unfurl,
For she, more rich than ocean pearl,
 Slung on the demon's shoulder vile,
Doom'd chaplet of the mother's pride,
Pass'd down Oblivion's silent tide.

IV.

Through sombre woods the foaming waters glide,
Of Sinnawango on its rocky bed ;
The beetling hills that o'er its course preside
Their cooling zephyrs on its bosom shed ;
And on the mystic landscape, far and wide,
Endless, unbounded, green-clad forests spread.
That day, in nature's wildest garb impearl'd,
As when the Spaniard's keel first touch'd the newfound
world.

Here, where the mountain cleft, a passage makes
Both for the traveler and plunging stream ;
In a close nook o'erhung with summer brakes,
And shut beyond the reach of sunny beam ;
The Delaware his oily blanket takes,
And with few leaves constructs, in his esteem,

A bed sufficient for the helpless child ;
Now worn with ceaseless grief, and from exhaustion
mild.

Strange and appalling to the infant mind
This couching 'neath the starry sky alone ;
The waving boughs as spectres unconfin'd—
The distant howl of wolves and owls' loud tone—
With darkness deep and solitude combin'd ;
Dread weight upon the little weeper thrown !
Silent the mess—no word, or flame arose,
That might to other's eyes the covert camp dis-
close.

This night, but this, traditions tongue has nam'd ;
No word remains or mention of the rest ;
How pinch'd with frost, or how by travel lam'd,
How hunger gnawed, or thirst at times distress'd ;
Whether the will by word or blow was tam'd,

The tender flow'r how trampled or caress'd ;
Are secrets hidden in the gulf of time—
Deep, fathomless, unknown, as wrecks in ocean
slime.

V.

Through the green bottom of the west,
Reflecting from its glassy breast
The leafy canopy above,
There flows past open glade and grove
A tribute to the Wabash river.
Upon its bank near summer eve
Came weary on his jaded steed
A stranger, seeking to receive
Shelter and lodging, food and feed,
With compensation to the giver.
There was an Indian structure, plac'd
Apart, far better in the main,
Than those the settlement embrac'd ;
And here the traveler drew rein.
He had, for many years, among
The western natives peaceful dwelt ;

He knew their ways and spoke their tongue,
Had traffick'd for their furs and pelt ;
Nor this the first time he had sought
For shelter in an Indian hut.

Enter'd, rous'd on her couch of furs,
Feeble and wan, ag'd and alone,
A solitary woman stirs.

He hails her in the English tongue—
No answer from her lips is wrung.
But in *Miami* words address'd,
A shade of pleasure veils the face ;
Half rising on the couch she press'd
Quick grants, in more than Indian grace,
Concession to the man's request.

Erelong the visitor espied
The woman's hair was light of hue ;
And portions of the arm in view
Were not in tint of native dy'd.

"Madam," the stranger gravely said,

" I would not thoughtlessly inquire—
But how is this ? "

" I 'm not afraid
To answer now. Though I had thought,
To carry with me to the tomb
My secret so with marvels fraught.

But age draws on, and in the gloom
Of waning strength and wasting pow'rs,
And length'ning stretch of weary hours,
It may not be amiss to tell
A mystery conceal'd so well.

And then so many moons are gone ;

And I must very soon be laid,
Beneath the lilies of the glade,
And sleep forever with my own ;
I 'll tell the secret that has clung
So long in hiding on my tongue.

'T is true, that I *am white*."

" And why

Then here ? "

“There lies the cause that kept
Me still. I could not tell, except
To do my dearest ones a wrong ;
For they broke up a sacred tie
That knit me to my home and kin.
Yet I with them have happy been ;
And for this past felicity,
Freely forgive them their offense.”
“And what was that ?”

“By violence,
They forced me from my mother's door,
And carried me long distance o'er,
To their own home.”

“How old were you ?”
“But five years old. And since that day,
Sixty bright years have passed away.
There was another reason, too,
Why I concealed my dwelling place.
My kindred, knowing, would have come
And forc'd me to my former home,

And all my happiness efface."

"Where was that home?"

"I cannot say.

But 't was by Susquehanna's side ;

The name has faded from my mind.

With Quakers was my father join'd,
And wore his hat brim very wide."

"And did you always here abide?"

"No. With the Delawares at first.

I married first a Delaware ;

Then a Miami chief. The worst
And best of life is passed. And where
My people lie, I go content."

"In such way amongst strangers sent,
What name, if any, did you bear?"

"Ma-con-a-qua. A pretty name?"

"Euphonious to others' ears !

Did they who granted you the same,

Make blythe and glad the after years?"

"No joy was lacking. Day by day

From morn till night unceasing play ;
No irksome task of school or tent,
But only on diversion bent,
We children of a diff'rent race
Sported in romp and frolic chase.
Much handsomer *I* was than they,
(But this I do not vainly say);
And by my counsel they were led ;
 For I could to a hundred count.
 Alone my pony I could mount
And track the marten to his bed.
I call'd my pony Yellow Leaf;
A present from the ruling chief ;
 My grandchild so was after nam'd.
'T was thus in joy my childhood sped
 Till riper years new purpose claim'd.
They told me I should be a queen,
 If I the " Hunted Wolf " would wed.
But there was one who on the green
 Took always in his hand my own.

He said my eyes like diamonds shone ;
And, so it always is, you know,
We like them most who praise bestow.
All this was sixty years ago ! ”

“ Your mother—did you her forget ? ”

“ It is so long, I scarce remember.

But I ’ve some recollection yet

Of crying all the first night through,
Upon the leaves beneath the timber,
Seeing her eyes with anguish wet,

As I was hurried from her view.

But such a new, strange world of wonder

Broke sudden on my dazzled eyes,
Was it surprising it should sunder
In childish heart all other ties ? ”

Unsearchable the dark decrees

Of Him, omniscient pow’r on high ;
Past finding out the mysteries

Our earthly walks that underlie,

And make or mar our destiny ;
Until the veil that blinds our gaze,
Is lifted in the day of days.
The clouds that sorrows 'round us throw
Ere long at the Supreme command,
Shall waste in the celestial glow
That guides to the eternal strand.
And why this brightly budding flow'r
Should bloom within a desert bow'r ?
And why the mother on her tears
Swam stricken down the tide of years ?
Will burst at last upon the sight,
Unveil'd in the supernal light.

The fruits, in measure, who can name
That Ma-con-a-qua's kindness bore ?
The stranger welcom'd at her door,
The herald of her fate became.
Rumor the tidings swiftly bears—
They reach the sunder'd kinsmen's ears—

They 'rouse the nation's sympathy,
Who by congressional decree ;
 (Most noble and majestic Giver !)
Bestow upon the widow'd queen,
The forest wide and prairie green,
 On tribute of the Wabash river.

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VI.

A measur'd statute mile on every side,
Embracing scope of billowy, prairie plain ;
And spreading far the grassy meadows wide,
With fertile fields ornate with waving grain ;
And here and there, dress'd in primeval pride,
Great timber groves that deck the wide domain ;
By deed, a nation's solemn impress bears,
To Ma-con-a-quā granted, and her lineal heirs.

The browsing herds doze in the thicket's shade,
Or dreamy wander o'er the flow'ry lea ;
Sixty gloss'd coursers gambol on the glade,
Or mass'd in squadrons flaunt in revelry ;
In blossom pomp are rolling knolls array'd,
The God-provided banquet for the bee ;
And all, as if in compensation giv'n,

To one for loss of name; from home and kindred
riv'n.

In audience seated in resplendent furs,
The widow'd queen of a dead potentate
Impressive sat. On either side, of hers
A daughter, both in Indian garb clate;
And Yellowleaf, the grandam's heart who stirs
To rapture undiminish'd by her fate.
And in the presence now a suite appears—
Sister, and brothers two, unseen for sixty years.

With scrutinizing, keen, observant eye,
The visitors look on the aged dame;
Brown'd by the sun, in savage finery,
A Saxon, by adornment, save in name.
She answers back their gaze so frigidly,
They almost deem that lost for which they came.
Grown more familiar soon, and less afraid,
Through the interpreter are ready answers made.

“What is your age?” “That’s more than I can tell.”

“If you remember it, your birth-place name.”

“’T was on the Susquehanna.” “Very well ;

Tell us the town.” “So long ’t is since I came
From there, that I forget it.” “Did you dwell

With other children?” “Three. The oldest lame.
For that cause he was left. The other two
Slipt out and got away. The fort was just in view.”

“Your christian’d name—do you remember that?”

“No—I forget. But Slocum was the last.”

“Frances?—was it?” Quick on the features sat

The first gleam of a smile—as if the past
Flush’d in the sweet emotion it begat,

And freed the soul of darkness overcast.
Stoic proclivity could not suppress
The inward rising tide that swell’d beneath her “YES.”

In wild, excited, throbbing passions bound,

The others listen to that utter’d word.

One question more, but one, would they propound :

“Show us the right forefinger.” At the word
The hand is rais'd. The finger with its wound,
(Nail lacking), at the brother's hand incurred
Who now look'd on. “Tell us, how this is so?”
“My brother, with a hammer—sixty years ago.”

What need of more? Respondent to the pray'r,

A dying mother on the sons impress'd;
Trac'd, where the savage hid her in his lair,
The lost is found. But grief beguiling quest!
The brothers pace the room. In deep despair
The anguish'd sister's tears flow unrepress'd.
Meanwhile impassive, the Miami queen
Shows no participation in the moving scene.

Inscrutable the tutorage that steels

The human heart, and chokes the tide of tears;
Hiding the thrill that culture's school reveals,
And cold alike in joy, in grief or fears.

What hidden impulse now her mask conceals,
By naught in face or heaving breast appears.
A moment *Frances* call'd, the veil's remov'd—
A glimpse of home—mother's last glance at the be-
lov'd!

VII.

Ere parting, Ma-con-a-qua's fears
By kindred love was brush'd away ;
For ties of blood, relax'd for years,
Re-knit with each succeeding day.
But offer of a home once more
Upon her native river's shore,
The ag'd Miami queen declin'd.
By fate her path had been assign'd
To lands where she her daughters bore.
Her husbands slept in prairie mould,
And she must slumber by their side ;
That join'd again they might explore
The forests of the Spirit's fold,
And there in endless bliss abide.
But ere the sands of life had run,
Or her last journey had begun

To realms beyond the setting sun.
Once more the welcome brothers came ;
Kindling anew the pristine flame
Of infant joys and frolic game,
Where Susquehanna's waters flow,
And flow'd, full sixty years ago.

VIII.

Now bloom the hedge and prairie flow'rs,
And sunlight falls in golden show'rs,

Where Ma-con-a-quas sandal'd feet
In autumn chill and summer's heat,
Trode lithsome through the forest glades.

And while Miami's hordes reside
Beyond the Mississippi's tide ;
Her line, with nobler blood alli'd
In onward tread of Time's decades,
By mystic enterweaving strains
Will know no more distinctive's grades,

But kinsmen all with kindred veins,
As under Eden's blissful shades,
The patriarch of Israel's flock

Asenath's Nile-born sons caress'd ;
He grafted them on Judah's stock

And with adopting blessing bless'd.
And He, exalted pow'r Supreme,
Who mingled in one common stream
The blood of Jordan and the Nile;
Shall in his providence erewhile
With Saxon warp and woof entwine
The threads of Ma-con-a-qua's line

(6)

IX.

Down where the meadow lark sings,
And the climbing jasmine clings ;
Where the daisies grow,
And hyacinths blow,
And the air is perfume
With the red clover's bloom,
Hid by the prairie's soft mantle of green
Peacefully slumbers the Miami queen.
Above her are sweet symphonies—
The bird song and hum of the bees,
The sheen of the sun on the plain,
And zephyr's enchanting refrain,
A murmuring hymn in the trees.

Long, long may the dews of the morn,
(Bright pearls of the beautiful Giver),

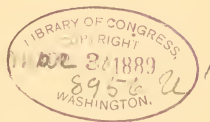
The green mound with spangles adorn
Above the lost one by the river.
And *she*, of the grief-burden'd breast
Whose blossom was blown from the stem,
In the home of the blest
The glad haven of rest,
At last shall regain
And forever retain
Her Frances, her darling, a beautified gem.

THE END.

SIDNEY LEAR.

A METRICAL ROMANCE;

By



CALEB EARL WRIGHT,

Author of "Rachel Craig," Etc.

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This slight tribute of respect (to one meriting far greater), is dedicated to Col. Charles Dorrance.

By his lifelong friend,

C. E. W.

Bucks County, Pa., 22d Mar., 1889.

INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE.

By permission of the author of the following poetic narrative, it is my pleasure to state: that I am grandson of Douglas Marr, therein referred to, who was at one time Colonel of a regiment in the Highland muster; afterward a prominent member of the Scottish bar; and subsequently, by royal favor, commissioned judge.

It seemed to me rather singular that I, a resident of Caithness, on a pleasure tour through parts of the American Union, seated in a railroad car, should overhear a somewhat heated discussion on a subject with which I was so familiar. It took place between two gentlemen occupying the seat directly in front of my own. One of them was an elderly man, somewhat corpulent, with prominent, restless black eyes, perpetually changing his position on the seat, and having a style of conversation interlarded with *hemis* and *hawes* to a remarkable extent. One more absent-minded and forgetful is not often met with. He was much of the time hunting for his tooth-pick or pocket-handkerchief, which never found their way back whence they came. The conductor had several combats with him about his ticket; that one time was found under his feet, and at another in his hat. One side of his vest was buttoned lower than the other, and divers scraps of his lunch were left in his beard.

I had observed before taking seat directly behind him, that he afforded much amusement to a party of girls sitting on the opposite side of the car. It was doubtless unusual for them to see a man endeavoring to put both of his gloves on the same hand, or grasping his cane at the wrong end.

His companion was a man of forty, or thereabouts; of a quiet, self-possessed manner; holding in his hand a roll of manuscript. The con-

version of the two, I noticed on taking the seat behind them, had reference to a portion of its contents.

"Well;" the younger man was saying, "I have so put it down; and so it will go into the printer's hands."

"It's a—haw—ay—ch—scandalous falsifying of—hum—ha—fact;" the other asserted. "You've no right, I say, to do any such—hem—aw—thing. Where's my handkerchief gone to? Get up, you're—ch—what—hem—sitting on it."

"There it is under your feet. Any falsifying of facts I promptly disavow. What I have written is based on the highest authority."

"To the—hum—ch—dogs with your authority. So far as I've—em—ch—gone in this world; and the experience I've—hem—had, authority is—hem—as you say—aw—haw—ay—what is it?"

"Well, sir——"

"Ha—ho—hold on. Can't you allow a man time to—ch—ay—blow his nose? There, now," after finishing the task; "what was it—ch—humph—aw—I was about to say?"

"That it was not Caithness but Sutherland. And I should like to know your authority for persisting in the assertion that it was the latter?"

"That's a—em—ay—hem—question now. Did n't I live for years next door to—hem—ch—ay—one of the family? Yes, sir, I knew him—ch—aw—as well as one of my own family circle. His name's as—aw—hem—familiar to me as my own; this Mr.—Mr.—what name was it?"

"The name was Marr."

"Just so. Button me this—ay—hem—sleeve. Now, as to the residence of—ay—haw—the family of this Mr.—this Mr.—em—ha—what did you say his confounded name was?"

"Marr."

"Yes, Marr. What about him?"

"Simply this. You say his family were of Sutherland. I say of Caithness."

"You're always wrong. I can't understand why—aw—hem—ch—you blunder at everything. Now let me—humph—stop a bit. I've a toothpick somewhere about."

"You'll find it in your mouth. Did this man tell you the Marrs were of Sutherland?"

"It makes no odds—ch—hum—ha—what he told me. That much I knew without."

"Let me give you the source of my information?"

"You'll oblige me—ay—hum—ch—by giving me fewer of your contradic—hum—tions. Pick me up that glove."

"All I can say is, fact is fact."

"Hoot!—ha—ch—hem—that's gammon. I deny it. And as for your—ay—hem—trash, there in your lap, you'd better—ch—haw—throw the whole batch in the fire."

"Let me inform you, sir," the younger man responded, a good deal nettled, "that endurance has its limits; even endurance of another's incivility and ignorance. What I assert I know to be correct. I was in Scotland but two years ago, and was at the homestead of the Marrs in Caithness. Furthermore at the very house occupied by one of the most distinguished of their number. That was Judge Marr, a Colonel in the Pretender's army in '45, and subsequently one of the Scottish Judges. And I say, once for all, the family belonged to Caithness."

"And I say—hem—ch—you talk like a teapot. Sutherland—Sutherland, do you—ay—hem—hear? Sutherland; I'll bet my—aw—haw—hum—head on it."

"You will loose the wager, sir;" I ventured to interpose.

"Ho—ay—hum—who are you?" the old gentleman growled, turning upon me.

"Begging pardon for the interference, my dear sir," was my reply—

"I am Ossian Marr, grandson of the soldier and Judge of whom you were speaking. He and I were born in Caithness."

"Yes—eh ay—Caithness, as I said. That 's what I've been—ay—ham—contending the last hour. But this—aw—hum—eh—blockhead, would have it Sutherland. I knew all the time the Judge was born in—aw—hem—eh—where did you say it was?"

I renewed the information, of which the forgetful old gentleman took no heed, busily searching his pockets for something mislaid.

I took advantage of the first opportunity, aside from the senior of the two, to inquire something regarding the manuscript the other had in his hand; and to make some question as to the manner in which he had represented my kinsman.

The production he informed me was a Metrical Romance. That the part he had with him contained no allusion to Judge Marr. But he would cheerfully give me a letter, which I could present at the publishing house of Robert Baur & Son; nothing doubting but they would afford me inspection of the other part of the manuscript.

I in consequence waited on the Messrs. Baur, (of whose courtesy it is a pleasure to bear witness), and the MS. was promptly placed before me. On looking over it I was gratified to find that my ancestor had been correctly portrayed. And further, so far as the hasty reading enabled me, to find that all parts of the narrative were in strict accordance with truth.

Being myself, through the indulgence of my fellow countrymen, the poetic genius of their community, I have, with the consent of the author, appended to his volume an offering in rhyme; though an inferior epilogue, I admit, where merit calls for something more deserving.

Respectfully subscribed,

OSSIAN MARR.

Aukingill, Scotland, 2 Mar., 1889.

SIDNEY LEAR.

I.

“Whate’er I have in house or field,
In purse or garner, crib and store;
My heart to cheer and roof to shield,
And all that love has grace to yield,
Of mine be thine; and o’er and o’er
I bid sweet welcome to my door.”

THE lake-born Connawasset, white with foam,
And filling all the dreamy wild with din,
Washes, in headlong race, the foot of brown
Culloden Brae. This peak, through the long lapse
Of time the eagle’s eyrie was, until
Old Hubert Gray, driving the feather’d monarch
Thence, usurp’d his throne, and made the granite
Parapet his own. Here with unskilled hands
He rear’d his hut. Earth furnish’d clay, the forest
Logs. With axe and spade alone the zealous builder

Wrought. Two rooms below—the attic ladder—
reach'd ;

The roof of bark, and floor of beaten earth.
Wide was the chimney, with its iron trammel
And bent hooks. Outside were field and garden,
Fenc'd about with logs. A bubbling spring was
At the door, sending swift down its warbling rill
To join the Connawasset. A dog curl'd
Sleeping on the doorway step ; and in the
Distant swale the cowbell's minstrelsy
Sweetened the passing hour through summer time ;
Melodious making solitude.

Hubert,

Sitting at his door, twirling with idle
Fingers the spaniel's silken ears ; musing
Upon past days, past days of youthful glee,
Of wrapt ambition, love, adventure, war ;
And how, ere yet the badge of manhood crown'd
His chin, he gambol'd with his fellows on
The green ; and after, red with blushes and

Half guilty tread ventured within the realm,
Intoxicating, rosy realm, where beauty reign'd ;
And how with heart on fire a fond confusion
Muddled and jangled all his forms of speech,
As facing, sad to say, a pair of azure eyes.
But well escap'd, though limping from the fray,
How bearded manhood open'd forth,
And far along the path of life the golden
Gleam of fame uprose. And how—
But hearken!—was it the panther's seeming
Human cry?—another, and another!—
Notes of anguish, ringing the forest through.
Upspringing in hot haste; snatching the firelock
Down, and bidding Jock attend him forth, he
Rush'd away. The pathless route led on through
Tangled brakes, and over jagged flint and
Fallen trunks uprooted by the gale;
Meanwhile the piercing cries guiding his course.
Anon, one glance down through the pendant boughs,
Shading a woody dell, disclosed the cause

Of such a clamorous din. A fragile girl,
Resisting with her might, her anguish'd face
Half hid by loosen'd curls, was by a man
Dragged rudely on the ground.

Wasting no time,

The vet'ran raised the tocsin peal, wherewith
In other days his squadron charged in war,
And dashed upon the twain, attended by
The yelping dog, heedless of snags that rent
His garb or thorns that pierced his flesh.
So fierce an onset panic-whelmed the foe,
Who, dropping quick his victim, fled in haste.
Hubert a moment view'd the prostrate form,
Then gently touched her hand, which hastily
The maid withdrew.

"Poor lassie!" he began
In soothing strains; "put now yer loof in mine,
An' I will lift ye up."

Again the little hand

Shrank from the touch.

“Jirks it awa’!” the other
Murmured. “Jirks it awa’! Winna allow
The wee sma’ fingers touch’d. I’ll try once mair.
Why, little lass, ye do me wrang. I would na
For the hale wide worl’ do ye a harm.
I’m ne’er a ghaist, that ye should startle at;
Not I. But plain auld Hubert o’ the Brae;
An honest man. Culloden Brae, I mean.
’Twas my ain sel’ sae ca’d the dizzy crag.
But of a’ this I’ll speak some ither time.
Now come wi’ me, poor lassie, to my biggin.
Ye shall hae mickle care.”

The daz’d and trembling
Maiden raised her tearful eyes.

“Guid o’ye
That!” said Hubert. “Vera guid. I mark yer
Ecn o’ bonny blue. Ah! blue, blue een!
How they ca’ up the hallow’d memories,
The memories o’ ither days, the braw,
Braw days in ither realms far aff! Ah, me!

The sparklin' een! Gie me yer hand."

Trembling,

The slender fingers crept within his own.

"Soft, soft," he musing, said, "an' white as snaw,

An' warm. Mony the dreary days are past,

Syne I hae felt the like. Sure, lassie, it

Would do na harm, if here an auld man's mou'

Should plant ane kiss?" And then, with rev'rent air,

A moment held the soft hand to his lips.

Then helping up the other to her feet,

Set forward for the cliff.

"Mind now your steps,"

He said in passing thence. "Mony the flints,

An' sharp, by brackens hid. Na path is this,

So I will haud your hand. An' may I spier,

Wha was the cruel mon that in rude manner

Draggit ye alang?"

No answer came.

"Weel, let it pass. Mayhap you do na ken.

Tread carefu' here; an' set your foot aboon

This bog — sae. Now on the stane — so, so, so.
This foord is vile across the Cinnamung;
That's how the brawlin burn is ca'd. And by
Yon grove o' pines anent the sloping hill,
The Connawasset gulps it doon.

“Tap o' the
Brae at last!” Wiping his brow when up the
Steep ascent. “An' het wark, too. And lassie,
Weel ye've stood the strain. Jock, too, maks a lang
Tongue o' it. Culloden Brae is this. An' yon't
The biggin. Jock an' I, belike twa brithers,
There hae dwelt for mony days. An' now
My heart is fu' o' pride that anc sae winsome
As yoursel' honours my scrimpit hame.
The 'Highland welcome,' that the poet sings,
Greets you beneath my roof. Sae come right in.
But sad it is, that naethin' better than
A birkin stool, is there to offer for
A seat. But sit ye doon, sit doon, an' rest
Your weary limbs. Sae lassie tak' your ease,

The whyles I milk the crummock at the byre
An' after, set the supper on."

The task

Accomplish'd, and the frugal meal arrang'd,
The host turned to the guest. "Now lassie, draw
Your stool, for weel I ken ye stan' in need
O' food. But first to Him wha deals
His bounties forth, we offer thanks.

"Great Giver

O' a' guid," his grace began; "large as our needs
The measure o' thy gifts. Tak' our poor thanks,
The best that poverty affords, an' wi'
Thy blessing crown the board."

"Amen!" the maiden

Murmur'd in half whispered tone; but loud enough
To reach old Hubert's ear. With joyous glance
He scann'd the girlish face; then fervent spake:
"Ye could nae, lass, have us'd a better word.
It stirs my heart an' wakes auld mem'ries up;
Sair but sweet mem'ries o' a day, when twa

Besides mysel', sat blissfu' at our meals.
 Weel was it spoken by ye, gentle lass.
 I doubt not but a godly mither taught
 Ye thus. An' now, as we perhaps maun spend
 Some time together in this place; an' fright
 Nae langer sits upon your tongue, may I
 But ask the name whereby ye 're ca'd?"

“Sidney.

Sometimes, in brief, just Sid.”

“Guid—guid—maist guid!”

Cried Hubert, pushing his trencher by. “I lo’e
 That name—the bonny, winsome name! Ane bairn,
 But only ane, had I; sweetest o’ a’
 The heav’nly Father gies — ane winsome bairn,
 A wee bit creepin’ bairn, hirplin’ an’ glintin’
 At my knee, a tiny hand half swallow’d
 Doon her mou’, an’ twa great e’es turned upward
 Glowrin’ at her dad.

“But that ’s a’ passed.

Ane day fell Fate cam’ stealthy neath the thath,

An' sundered a' the blissfu' ties o' hame ;
That happy, peacefu' hame. Now sit I here,
In lone companionship wi' Jock ; save now
An' then, that Stephen comes to pass an hour
Or twa."

"Stephen?" queried the girl.

"Aye, lass.

The miller's lad. Milbray, his ither name.
A mile or mair, ayont this peak, an' on
The Connawasset, is the father's mill.
An' Stephen is my frien'. Now when the board
Is clear'd, an' Jock hae had his bane, an' I
Hae lit my pipe, we 'll sit out by the door
An' prate our fill."

"Sure, if it please you, sir."

"An' now," began the Scot, with pipe in mouth,
"I maun question first, in what part o' this
Wide land ye hae been rear'd?"

"Not in this land

At all ; in Gloucester."

“Ho! a Briton?”

“No—but Scotch.”

“Bless my saul!” the old man cried.

“Gie me your hand, my lassie. Aye, yer hand
Ance mair. Ay bless'd the day that brought ye to
My hearth. Scotch! A blessing on yer lips that
Tell it. The hale warl's rev'rence crown the lond
O' Bruce! Next to the love the Maker claims,
And justly, o' us a', is the deep thrill
O' loyal Scottish hearts for Scotland's name
And fame. Aye, bonny lass, nae soil the wide
Worl' o'er grows better men. There's virtue in
The heather. The braes and stony dells frae
Grampian hills to bleak Caithness, each foot an'
Acre, the fruitfu' mither is o' braw,
Braw men, an' strang. I'm Highland born, mysel'.
Ye should hae seen me in the plaid an' kilt
At Preston an' at Falkirk! Heck! my lass,
But those were royal days!

“An' ye are Scotch!

Sure, but it puts new life in me. This peak
Taks on a leesome leuk ; an' golden simmer
Shines in new array. Saft, saft will be my
Slumbers a' this night, wi' ane o' Scottish birth
Beneath my roof."

" My father, let me say,
Was Highland born."

" Guid !" murmur'd quick the Scot.
" Served under the Pretender."

" Guid !—verra guid !"
" And aided his escape to France."

" Best ! o' a' !
Wad I might tak' that fellow sodger by
The han' ; that loyal han' that drew a blade
For Charlie."

" That hand is cold. Drown'd was he,
As we learn'd, the time his royal Master fled."
" May he find rest in Heaven. I too was wi'
The lawfu' King. Was under him at fell
Culloden. An' when he sail'd awa' my

Troubles cam'. Three years, lang years aboard a
Whaling ship, far in the north. Then drappit
On this western worl'. Then under British
Braddock in his fell campaign. Saw him fa'
Aff his steed; an' some days after, wi' these
Han's, help'd dig the grave wherein he sleeps.
Then something chanc'd, (I need nae stap to tell,)
An' here through mickle forest wilds I foun'
My way, to settle doon upon this cliff.
Sair, sair, my lot hae been."

Peaceful and sweet

The sun of joys domestic beam'd on
Culloden's hut. Hubert, exulting, liv'd
Again young manhood's dulcit days. Jock
Found a new companion, who, with gun
In hand, beset the forest jungles,
After game. Nor vain was such pursuit.
The table of the simple Scot bent 'neath
The trophies of the chase. The whirring pheasant,

Stately turkey cock, and bounding buck were
Victims of the leaden shafts. How glorious
The days of forest jaunts! The rose grew more
And more resplendent on the maiden's cheek,
Thus tramping hill and dell.

At length a changing
Tide broke sudden on Culloden's quiet
Sea of life.

Out on the oak-thatched mountain
Spur, one morn, a panting deer, quiv'ring with fright,
Flank dripping blood, was, by the damsel's ball,
Heart-pierc'd and kill'd. Stooping a moment o'er
The mottled beast, some one approach'd. Stephen
It was — standing, as she looked up, silent
In wonder. Eager, puzzling thought enrapt
His face.

"Why!" awkwardly his tongue at length
Made out to stammer.

"Well?" came in reply.

"Where is the *man*? *Who* was it shot?"

" 'T was I.

Is it your deer?"

" Mine?"

" Yours."

" There is a law,"

Said Stephen, " the man whose bullet kills, takes."

" You also hit. The ball mark plainly shows.

Look at it here. Let us divide."

" No — no.

That 's not the rule. The whole is yours. And I
Will take it for you to your home. Where is 't?"

" I may not tell you that."

" And wherefore not?"

" That is, unless — unless — but that may not
Be so — it might prove — but, but tell me first,
Are *you* Stephen?"

" That is my name. And in
Your hands is Hubert's gun. And this is Jock."
A smile crept o'er the lassie's face, hearing
This said.

“O yes. I know Hubert and his
Secret well.”

“He has most often spoken
In your praise. And I am glad to meet you
As his friend.”

“Do you live with Hubert Gray?”

“The past few weeks. I'm not his kinswoman.
And now, as you and I hereafter may have
Friendly intercourse, Sid you may call me ;
Or Sidney, as you choose. And let me say,
Old Hubert likes me, that I am Scottish born.
But living most my life in England.
Why I am here, shut in this fastness up,
I'll tell some other time. Meanwhile I am
Well pleas'd you come to make the time pass by
More pleasantly. And do n't misjudge me for
A hoiden lass, that I can handle arms.
My mother's cousin was an English
Gentleman, with lands and park at Gloucester.
He taught me many of the manly arts —

To shoot, and fence, and skate, and ride, and angle.
So, if you have fish, as well as other game
Near by, I 'll take a turn with you, in this
Fine sport."

"Trout have we in the Connawasset,
Large and many. There's worms about the barn,
And beetles ev'rywhere."

"I do not use
Such bait. Flies — only flies."

"What sort of flies?"

"Not real ones, but artificial. I
Will show you not only how to cast, but
How to make them. It is a most ripe art.
We 'll work together; and make the March brown
And dun Drake; the May fly, Ibis, greentail;
The ginger hackle, blue and dun; the stone fly,
Alder, green and gray; the coachman, yellow Sally,
And some more. Now, let us go. But how shall
This grand prize be taken from the woods?"

"Ho!

That 's nothing. I will carry it."

"No — by

No means. 'T would break your back."

"No fear—no fear.

Give me a lift to get it on my shoulder."

"Indeed, I will not. Forsooth — let the wolves

Have it sooner."

"Only two hundred pounds."

"That 's full a hundred times too much for you

To bear. Believe me, I would never put

A morsel of it to my lips, knowing

How dearly it had tax'd your strength, and put

Your life in peril."

"Your wish shall rule me."

"That is good. I thank you, Stephen."

"For your

Sake, I desist."

"That is far better still.

Truth, in sincerity avouch'd, has

Double worth."

“The hunters have a way, to
Baffle wolves and other beasts, of hanging
Game high on a tree. It serves till help is had.”
“We both can lift this deer?”

“Easily — yes.”

“Then let 's at it. I can lift the half.”

“You! —

Do n't think it. You 're but a girl. And this is
Men's work.”

“I wish, then, for an hour, at least,
I were a man.”

“I 'd have you nothing else
But what you are.”

“I do recall the wish.”

“Let me show you something. You see this bit
Of cord? I always carry it. When through
The tendons of the hinder legs I thrust
A stick, and tie the cord midway, and throw
The end of it above a limb, I jirk
His lordship upward in a jiffy.”

“How ripe you hunters are in strange devices?
The feat both simple seems and feasible.
Let 's about it. But I must, bear in mind,
Help you to pull.”

The task was soon accomplish'd;
Mysterious cohesion drawing hand
To hand, as nervous fingers girt the cord;
And silence, sweeter than interchanging words
Enchain'd the tongue.

“There!” said the girl;
Gazing on the suspended deer; “was it
Done ever better since the world began?
I 'll know another time the way to keep
The prowling thieves from feasting on my game.
So now we 'll go. You are for Hubert's bound?”
“Not now. I 'm very sorry it is so.
My father waits. But soon I will be there.”
“So we must part. Our meeting has been pleasant.”
“I must have said the same if you had not.”
“Good-bye, then.”

“Good-bye.”

“Till next we meet.”

“You’re sure you know the way?” the swain inquired.

“Right well, indeed.”

A few rods sunder’d, and
The damsel called out, “Stephen?”

“Well—what is ’t?”

“Do you hunt to-morrow?”

“Most like. Yes, I
Think I will. That’s settled.”

“*Where* do you hunt?”

“I cannot say.”

“Is not this good ground?”

“Yes —

None better; this will be the place.”

Again

The distance widen’d. But again was
Stephen called.

“Pardon me, but I did not
Ask the hour.”

"At eight o'clock."

"Thank you, Stephen."

Another start, and wider separation.

Then the halloo from the other came :

"Sidney? — Sidney!"

"Yes — I listen."

"Will *you*

Be here?"

"Trust me ; as surely as to-morrow

Is to-morrow."

Time will not mend his pace
A jot ; nor night her inky robes lay sooner
Off, for lovers' muttered pray'rs. And pillows
Where tir'd labor droops his head, no solace
Give to those who long for day. And so the
Sun, that coming morn, though some hours chided
As a laggard, rose radiant at last
On two young watchers' eyes. Precise at tryst
The youthful pair were met. But firelocks, balls

And powder, useless incumbrances, were
Laid aside; and forth they went, through sylvan
Nooks and over timber'd hills, to reach the
Highest peak for miles about. Here sat they
Down to rest.

“How grand to view! Stephen, name
Me the points. That 's the Susquehanna — what 's
The falls?”

STEPHEN.

The Nanticoke.

SIDNEY.

Speak it again.

STEPHEN.

Nanticoke.

SIDNEY.

Euphonious term!

STEPHEN.

'T is Indian. Their appellations hold
In many cases.

SIDNEY.

We have nothing in

My native land harmonious as this.

STEPHEN.

That high range, eastward, is Penobscot.
Further on, highest of all and naked,
Is Bald mount. And there, across the river,
Over the Hogback spur, ascends the Indian
Path. Time, beyond memory, the red man's
Grand highway. You see it as a thread, creep
Toward the mountain top. On it plum'd warriors
Led their files of painted braves. The run that
Trickles down the rocky slope, yet bears the name
Of Warrior Run.

SIDNEY.

It looks to me as if
Below us, the mountain chain was rent, to
Give the river passage?

STEPHEN.

That is so.
And then, some miles above, the current pierc'd
Its way for entrance to the valley. And

Here, drill'd the rocks stupendous, to pass out.

SIDNEY.

There must be danger in these falls.

STEPHEN.

O, no,

I have swum them oft.

SIDNEY.

Do it not again.

STEPHEN.

I will not — you 've my promise.

SIDNEY.

That 's well. Your

Safety is my peace. When I am gone from

Here, remember it.

STEPHEN.

How hard to hear that.

Must — must you go?

SIDNEY.

O, Stephen! I 'd answer

Freely if I could. A vexing errand

Brought me here. Upon its issue all my
Future hangs. Will you abide here always?

STEPHEN.

Here — else on the Merrimack.

SIDNEY.

I think that 's

In the East?

STEPHEN.

Yes; in New England. Upon
Its banks my kindred dwell. A fretful stream,
Wat'ring a land of scholars. I had my
Education there. But lately we came
Hither. Two years ago, lur'd by the glitter
Of o'ertinted, wild reports, here sought a
Home. But now it brings no shadow of regret
Upon my heart, since it has led me to
This hour of ecstacy, here at your side.

SIDNEY.

These words have dulcit cadence in my ears.

STEPHEN.

No more than ev'ry whisper of your lips

Brings rapt felicity to mine.

SIDNEY.

How sweet

The occupation of a list'ner, charm'd
With such dear avowal! But, sweet my friend,
Were it not wise, that prudence curb the license
Of our tongues, lest parting cause the keener sting
To our poor hearts?

STEPHEN.

Perchance. I can n't say less.

SIDNEY.

Pray you, do not think I chide. Far more than
Yours was mine the blame, if blame there was.
I led you on.

STEPHEN.

Still lead — I 'll follow you.

SIDNEY.

Stephen, so blind and devious the path
Becomes, I falter.

STEPHEN.

Still your follower

I 'll be. I had not thought till now, vain as
I was, to ever meet one better than
Myself. Now I forget myself in fond
Observance of your higher merit.

SIDNEY.

But that I knew your heart, this, sure, would sound
Like flattery. And yet, upon my tongue
Since yesterday, unspoken, have couch'd more
Sweeter terms in your own praise.

STEPHEN.

Yesterday! —

Best of all days! Darling, here on my heart
'T is register'd. The wounded deer, bearing the
Cruel lead beneath his velvet coat, did
Usher me, its would-be slayer, to your
Presence. Rich the reward of cruelty!
And now you speak of going home. Dare I
To question of your coming back? I fear
To ask.

SIDNEY.

And I to answer. But what help
Is there? I did not, coming, cross the deep
Of choice; though now I bless the bark that brought
Me hither.

STEPHEN,

Stay — stay.

SIDNEY.

Do not plead. It makes
Involv'd perplexity more bitter. Let us
Return.

STEPHEN.

First let me pluck a garland from
This oak. For my sake, wear it.

II.

“ There 's not an hour
Of day or dreaming night but I am with thee :
There 's not a wind but whispers of your name,
And not a flow'r that sleeps beneath the moon,
But in its hue or fragrance tells a tale
Of thee.”

COMING alone to Hubert's hut that eve,
The girl discern'd traces of a conflict.
Jock, limping and stain'd with gore, alone was there.
Within the hut, domestic wares, o'erturned,
Were strewn about. Some drops of blood blotch'd the
Doorway lintels. Bits of tatter'd tinsel,
Like that in baldricks worn, lay here and there ;
As also fragments of old Hubert's well
Worn linsey blouse. Terror-stricken,
A moment gazing on th' unwelcome sight,
She rushed down to the mill. Haggard and wild,
And tongueless for a space, her entrance 'maz'd

The sire and son. But after some delay
Her story told.

Old Luther Milbray, when
Occasion serv'd, reveal'd what had occur'd
In absence of the twain. Related how
Three strangers at his mill appear'd. And how
The leading man, in soldier dress, sought, so he
Said, his brother. That he was a Scot;
Ador'd by all his kin, and whose return
Would warm up many hearts. From his description,
He, Luther Milbray, believ'd his neighbor
On the cliff, to be the missing man. He
Therefore gladly to the seeker, pointed
The footpath out, that led up to Culloden.
This, thanking the miller for his timely
Aid, the party took.

One of the men, the
Miller said, was stout and rough, and sinister
In mien, with portion of one ear, the left
He thought, cut off.

“And sabre wound above
The brow?” cried Sidney, with a start.

“Just so ;
And eyelid slit.”

“That is enough, I know
Him sadly well.”

“One matter makes me doubt
If Hubert was the man he sought, though Hubert
Tallied with description. It was another
Name he mention’d,” Luther further said.
“What name?”

“He call’d it Lear.”

“How?”

“Malcom Lear.”

“Heav’n help me!” Sidney cried, hiding her face
In trembling hands.

Some anxious moments pass’d
With those who watch’d.

“O! why, why was I so
Blind!” was her appeal. “This was my father !

So long, long lost! And found and lost again!
And why this other name?

“Parted from him
When I was three years old, how could I know
Him now! Stephen, what shall I do?”

“Leave it
To me. I’ll follow the gang and rescue him.”
“They have too much the start,” the father urg’d.
“O! that may be!” sighed out the girl.

“Not so.
I can outstrip their pace. I’ll start before
The sun is up. Jock shall attend me.”

“So
Will I. I’m strong and eager.”

“No, my girl;”
Said Luther, “no. The way is rough and long.
Stay you with me. Now let’s to bed, as Stephen
Must have rest.”

At early dawn the youth went
Forth. By Jock attended, hasty were his

Steps along the warrior path. Rugged the
Way, but green and fancy-girt the silent
Woods. The cautious, hiding thrush, with silv'ry
Tone unmatched, cheering the lone walk. And so,
Scaling the rocky heights and plunging through
Laurel-matted swales, by eager, ardent
Expectation urg'd, well spent and tremulous
Of limb, he found that which he sought. Under
The hemlocks camp'd, where wild Tunkhanna,
With root-dyed torrent, leaps to the nobler
Stream, the captors were.

Impatient waiting

For the midnight watch, he mark'd how Hubert,
Fetter'd, for the night, was plac'd. Then creeping
On them, at the proper hour, the fire low burnt,
Wak'd up the captive. Effort in vain was
Made to wrench the links of steel. Then sudden
Rising, with imprudent haste, the pris'ner
Trod upon the leader's foot. Up bolted
All the three with shouts; that Jock, with ill-tim'd

Fury, echoed with barking clamour; and
Wild confusion reign'd. Jock, with a bullet
In his jaw, fell to the rear. Another
Ball whizzed harmless through the brim of Stephen's
Cap. Meanwhile four brawny arms hurl'd Hubert
To the ground. But Stephen, in the melee,
Found shelter in the shrouding woods.

Pausing,

He heard some cruel words; harsh epithets
And ribald badinage heap'd on the Scot.
But heard him call aloud: "Stephen? — Stephen!
Ye hae my thonks—my heartworm thonks,
An' mair, I gie ye a' I own. Tak' a',
An' welcome, Stephen. Tak' ye the biggin,
An' a' that 's in 't. Nae langer shall I need
The scrimpit hut, or ony ither thing,
But hope o' grace, in this sair worl'. Ye ken
This filthy, murd'rous villain, Felix Mull,
Hae grippit me at last. Sae guid-by; a
Lang guidby, braw lad. For this night's deed I

Gie ye muckle thonks. Speak o' me to the
Bonny lass — the Laird be wi' her. Tak' ye
The biggin at Culloden, as yer ain.
Jock also, an' the byre, an' crummock, too.
My blessin' on ye, Stephen, an' the lass.
Sae tell her, if ye please. I wad say mair
But for this villain, Felix Mull — deil roast
Him in the brimstane pit."

"And Stephen —

Mr. Stephen," cried the leader, mocking ;
"I 'll put a few words in your ear, sweet Stephen.
The next thing, Stephen, that your lordship hears,
Will be, that this old gabbling felon will
Be stretching hemp. He 's a ripe malefactor ;
Pretty Stephen. But soon the halter will
Stop his croaking, Stephen. So, my docile
Stephen, plastic Stephen, take my fond advice.
And the same to your dog, dear Stephen. And
Now begone."

Discomfitted the lad return'd ;

And to the shudd'ring girl told what had chanc'd.
How he had reach'd the party's camp; had watch'd
Them at their mess; how, weari'd, all had sank
To sleep; and how, at last, the venture made
For rescue, fail'd. But when the sad narration
Reach'd the ribald terms heap'd on the captive,
Sudden the girl rose up; and, pale of face,
With wav'ring gait and not a spoken word,
Pass'd out, seeking her chamber's solitude.
No one was there next morn, nor had the bed
Been press'd. A brief note on the table laid,
And thus it ran :

“ For Stephen.

“ Naught but adieu.

“ A *felon's* daughter may have that much freedom.

“ If you can, I beg you, pardon. Forgive —

“ And from your heart and mem'ry blot me out.

“ I am to you, henceforward, nothing. And

“ All I ask of this cold, cheerless world 's a

“ Hiding-place. I won't disgrace you, Stephen,

“For I love you. Be these hot tears, that will
“Not cease, my witnesses.”

The stricken, heartsick
Lad would not to Hubert's hut. The father
Went alone. Returning, brought the wounded
Dog, and, in the old soldier knapsack found,
Two hundred pounds in gold.

The weary month,
Of endless days, lagg'd on. What good is there to
Him who cannot eat nor sleep? The parent's
Ling'ring hope, companion'd by alarm, at
Length died out. The doctor came. Duly in form
Withdrew his glove—felt the swift pulse—blink'd at
The coated tongue—thump'd hard the breast, and
Divers questions put. In self-communion
Deep, trod silently the floor—nibbled his
Cane, as through the window peering out; the
Meanwhile whistling low a snatch of song. At
Length the anxious parent was address'd.

“Sir,

List you a word. I am about to speak.
Silence, in these cases, were to balk and
Stifle expectation. We, the sons of
Science, learning, art, culture refin'd, *et*
Cetera, might, could or would, or would, could
Or might, at random endless diatribe
Exhaust. So far, so good. Let me proceed.
Furthermore, mark, that diagnostical
Research, by scientists invok'd, the very
Bottom sills of matter ferrets out. Or,
To speak plain, by means of penetration
Stratigraphical, the causes glean of
Bodily disease. These, in propinquity
Array'd, lead to conclusions. You catch my drift?
I further, you'll permit me, add, the present
Case is void of *physical* defection.
Thus far. What next? We look elsewhere. Behold!
The grace of skill! Sir, in this case, the mind,
Nerves, heart!—most like the last. I'll say the last.
Now mark. Solution—love!"

"What is your charge?"

Luther demanded.

"Wait till a second,

Third, fourth visit, and so on. Pay all at once."

"One is enough. Name the amount. I'll pay.

And bid you go."

"Sir!"

"I'll have quacks no more;

But full-bred workmen."

"Keep your money."

"Go."

More dreary days and weeks, and Luther laid

His plan.

"My son," he said, "I ask of you

A service."

"Let me know it. What I can,

I'll do."

"A journey is in question, can

You undertake it?"

"No — I cannot."

" I

Am sorry. It might restore you. Try it."

" Father, you know I would. But all my pow'rs
Are wasted. No, I cannot."

" Think of it

Some while."

" And to no purpose. My answer
Would be the same. Where is 't you 'd have me go?
Not that I could."

" To seek old Hubert out,
And take his money to him."

" I 'll go."

" When ?"

" To-day — to-morrow — now."

" But how about

Your strength ?"

" I 'll risk it, father. When you first
Spoke I did not know your purpose. Yes, yes,
I 'll go, and that to-morrow."

Never went

Traveler more cheery forth ; nor voyager
More ardently salute the swelling breeze,
On his swift hope attendant. Through rapt
Enchantment, Stephen sail'd. On all sides 'round
Bedizen'd rapture swell'd. The curling waves —
Sea-birds circling on wing'd sails—the gamb'ling fish—
Spray, by the piercing prow wak'd from its
Wat'ry bed — the hazy drapery
O'erspreading all the glimm'ring sea — all in
Ethereal vesture clad, fell blissful on
His dreamy eyes. So steer'd he to the
Far-off port ; where entrance was as pilgrims
Through celestial gates.

From the vessel's deck,
Borne up the channel's course, the old, old world,
But new to him, was wonder-crown'd. At length,
At ancient Bristol (drap'd in black for her
Dead Chatterton, " marvelous boy ! ") the ship
Cast anchor.

Grudging the fleeting hours,

Th' impatient traveler set forth. Tracing
The Severn up, sooner than welcom'd, fell
The gloaming. At the embattled entrance
To a park, a woman, knitting, at the
Doorway sat. He paus'd to ask the distance
To an inn.

“Three good, long miles.”

The answer

Caus'd a deep-drawn sigh.

“Yes, three long, long miles.

And you seem weary. And the night sets in.

'T is a long walk.”

“I am not well,” humbly the youth return'd.

“And walking has lam'd me some.”

“Faint you look.

Come in — you cannot reach the hostel, sure.

Come in at once. I was about to sup;

So you shall share with me.”

At the table,

Learning whence the stranger came, a hundred

Questions ask'd she of the western world. Had,
As she said, new and strange interest in it.
It was quite possible she had a husband
There. Or there, or lost upon the deep. His
Empty boat was found. That was all. "Rumor,
Uncertain rumor, reports him now alive.
But all uncertain 't is. Our name is Lear.
He was Scotch; but I am English. My life
Without him has been very drear."

"There was
A man," said Stephen, "of that name, I knew.
But late it has turn'd out he prov'd a felon.
'T is thought he will be hang'd."

"Not mine is he.
He was honest. But there are many of
The name. My daughter, when the rumor came,
Went to seek him."

"This felon also had
A daughter," said Stephen, with bow'd head.
"Her name is Sidney."

“ Sidney ! — that ’s the name
Of mine ! Sidney Lear.”

“ The one *I* speak of
Liv’d on this very river, as she said ;
The river Severn.”

“ Strange — exceeding strange !
Your words affright me.”

“ And yet he had
Another name.”

“ How is that ? ”

“ Always known
As Hubert Gray.”

“ That has an ugly look
Again,” the woman said. “ Can honest men
Have double names ? The man *I* married, could
Never thus demean his manhood.”

“ Honest ? ”

The youth retorting cried ; “ if ever man
Was honest, as I have cause to know, so
Was the man *I* speak of, Malcom — ”

“ Malcom ! ”

“ His second name that is. ’T was Malcom Lear.
He was my friend. We hunted, fish’d, and pass’d
Much time together. He trusted me, and
Told me all his mind. Related much of
His adventurous life. A soldier under
Edward — cast helpless on the sea — for years
Fast bound in Arctic ice — a price set on
His head for treason, and to seclusion
By an enemy chas’d. Then captur’d, and
In chains brought hither. His daughter follow’d;
And now her and him I seek. Two hundred
Pounds, his money, have I with me.”

“ Can it

Be ! — his daughter ! — speak more of her.”

“ Gladly, madam. Since childhood, so she said,
Her days had pass’d, under tuition of
An uncle, an English gentleman, here
On the Severn, who, on his premises, taught
Her to skate, and shoot, and angle.”

“ Help me !

I am dizzy!"

"Give me your hand."

"Let me

Lie down."

"Madam, you faint!"

Some minutes pass'd;

Anxious to Stephen, and a murm'ring voice

Was rais'd. "O! joy, and misery combin'd!

It is hard to bear. How low my hope is sunk!

But yet a daughter — God be thank'd for that.

Let me no more upon the other dwell.

I pray you, help me up. So — I give you

Many thanks. How good to feel the warmth of

A soft hand. You are very, very kind.

It may surprise you, if I say I know

You. You are Stephen Milbray,

"I would much

Like to know how you know that?"

"Yes, Stephen,

I know you well."

"How can that be?"

III.

"I was not born for courts, or grave affairs ;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers."

A Highland Court of Sessions. In his robe
The Judge is seated. After time-honored
Form the Court is opened. His Majesty's
Attorney calls up a case for trial.
The charge is treason ; Hubert is defendant.
By order of the Court the prisoner
Is sent for. He is brought in, a guard at
Either arm. Placed at the bar, a moment
Glances at the throng, then at the Minister
Of Justice in his robe and wig. Anon,
With sudden start, his gaze reciprocated
From the bench, Hubert springs up. Standing
Erect, he gives in grandest form the
Martial greeting, whereby the man in file
Salutes the officer of rank. The Judge,
Drawing his box, supplies his nose ; and then
With pliant nod returns the courtesy ;

And waves the prisoner to his seat again.
"Arraign the prisoner," was his command.
The clerk, with bill in hand, bade Hubert^urise ;
Cleared up his throat, and entered on reading
Of the strange production. Verbosity
Inexorable ! Vexed repetition !
Averments fearful and accusing, beneath
Elaboration whelm'd ! "S. S.—aforesaid—
Vi et Armis—then and there—contriving,
Devising and intending—day aforesaid—
Peace and dignity—wickedly, falsely,
Unlawfully and traitorously—drums,
Trumpets, pistols, pitchforks, guns, dirks, poniards,
Blunderbusses, clubs, bludgeons, cudgels, staves,
And—"

"Stap ! stap !—haud a wee !—in God's name

haud

Your tongue till I tak' wind !" old Hubert cried ;
Amaz'd and puzzled, as he had good cause,
With all this multitudinous confusion

Of strange terms.

CLERK.

What is the matter ?

HUBERT.

Matter

Eneugh ! For, by my saul, I little ken
What this is a' about.

JUDGE.

Proceed. Read the

Indictment through.

HUBERT.

I hae stood fire in battle ;
But this is muckle waur.

The clerk read on.

But coming o'er the names of Malcom Lear,
Otherwise call'd Hubert Gray, again the
Prisoner sprang up. "My mon, I do na
Care a flea for a' yeur dev'lish cant, but
I will ne'er be ca'd by ony ither
Name than Lear. Plain Malcom Lear.

Sae ye maun strike out your Grays an' Huberts.
Highland born, I stan' here Malcom Lear; an'
Na asham'd o' what my mither ca'd me."
The name was stricken off.

When at the end,
The clerk read off the prosecutor's and
Informer's name, Felix Mull.

"Where is he?"

Hubert ask'd.

"Not present," the clerk answer'd.

HUBERT.

Yeur Lairdship, I'll na further stan' on trial
Till my accuser comes. I wad, sir, meet
The villain face to face.

JUDGE.

It is your right.

Sheriff, call Felix Mull.

Vain was the call.

But some one said the man was at the
Pothouse o'er the street. There was Felix found;

And soon, reluctant, was brought in.

Hubert

Stood up. "Yeur Lairdship, I hae something noo
To say."

JUDGE.

If pertinent, say on.

HUBERT.

An' sae

I will. Ye ken this mon? Surely, my Laird,
Ye maun ken wha he is. Mark ye the auld
Cut, done by this han'; the sabre slash that's
On his pate; an' on his e'e? An' how the
Second clip, that darksome night, lop'd half his
Ear awa'? Sure, Col. Marr (pardon, I
Should say, Judge), ye mind the wood by Falkirk,
Where he an' twa mair robbers fell on ye
At night, an' jerkit oot yer watch; an' swoop'd
The twenty guineas frae yer fob? An' I,
Hearin' yer ca' for help, cam' up in time,
An' got yer things a' back; an' left my mark

Upon his e'e an' lug? Leuk at it, a'
O' ye. Ye mind, this a' is true as gospel,
Col. Marr?

JUDGE.

Proceed with the trial. Call
The witnesses.

HUBERT.

I hae mair to tell.

JUDGE.

Well,

What more?

HUBERT.

This, yer Lairdship. It is not for
Law an' justice this thief hae chas'd me doon—
For fifteen years shut me awa' frae hame,
An' wife an' babe—an' three year o' the time,
The weary, lonesome time, coop'd in the ice
An' snaws far up the north—broke in my hut
Across the sea, an' draggit me in chains
For trial on my native sod. Na, na,

My Laird, not for the guid o' law, but for
The thousand pund set on my head ; this head
Now white in years, or on or aff the body.
Or on or aff the body, Col. Marr,
Mark that !

JUDGE.

We have heard you. Let the trial
Now proceed.

HUBERT.

First, yeur Lairdship, I wad ask
What I am charg'd wi'. I could na understan'
This mon read ower.

JUDGE.

You have right to know.
'Tis simply this : That you, Malcom Lear, or
Otherwise called—

HUBERT.

Na—na—not otherwise.
I'll na alloo yeu, Col., to ca' me aught
But Malcom Lear.

JUDGE.

Well, then ; that Malcom Lear,
Yourself that is, fought in the Highland ranks
For Charles, the false pretender, and—

HUBERT.

An' sae yer Lairdship did ; but at Culloden,
Ye nae ca'd him false. An' I maun answer
For ye, before God an' mon, right weel ye
Fought. I'll ne'er forget it.

JUDGE.

Let me proceed.

'Tis further charg'd, against you, that you helped
The flying Prince in his escape.

HUBERT.

Ane night,
Ane gloomy night, hot press'd, shelter we found
In yer ain house, my Laird. The weary King
Thankit ye for it, amaist upon his knees.
Ah ! puir Charlie !

JUDGE.

Do n't interrupt me more.
Sit down. There's one thing farther charg'd. You
help'd
The fugitive on board the ship, whereby
He 'scaped to France. The Clerk will now conclude
The legal forms.

CLERK.

Malcom Lear, the charges
Being within your hearing read, say you,
Are you guilty, or not guilty?

HUBERT.

Guilty !

The Lears o' Scotland, a hundred years an' mair,
Hae ne'er till now met sic' insulting word.
Ca' ye it guilty to lo'e the lawfu' King,
An' rally to his standard? Sae did I,
A Captain o' that day. My braw, braw
Highland lads march'd under Col. Marr
To Preston Pans. I set my life upon

The stake, an' ventur'd a' for Charlie.
 Ah! when the northern clansmen brave, to
 Music o' the pipes cam' o'er the moor, an'
 He, the Royal Laddie at their head, think
 Ye that Malcom Lear wad in his biggin
 Skulk an' hide? Na, na, my Laird, an' you,
 My fellow kinsmon here to-day, I cast
 My bonnet up wi' a' the rest, an' march'd
 Awa' wi' Charlie. Na, na, I'll spak' the
 Truth, for weal or wo'; wi' heart on fire, an'
 Claymore drawn, I wad to-day as then, wi'
 Trust in God, in' aid o' Scotland's right, march
 On again wi' Charlie.

Resounding

From a voice amid the crowd, the whole
 Assemblage joining madly in, burst forth :
 " There's news from Moidart cam' yestreen,
 Will soon gar mony farlie,
 For ships of war hae just come in,
 And landed Royal Charlie ;

Come thro' the heather,
Around him gither,
Ye 're a' the welcomer early ;
Come round him cling
Wi' a' yer kin,
For wha 'll be King but Charlie ?
Come through the heather,
Around him gither,
Come Ronald, come Donald,
Come a' the gither,
An' crown your rightful, lawful King,
For wha'll be King but Charlie ?"

Ere that the song was done two Highlanders
In kilt and plaid, long since on Hubert's
Muster roll, rush'd forth 'mid waiving caps and
Shouts, and arms aloft, and caught their honor'd
Leader up.

In vain the Sheriff with his
Baton order'd peace. 'Twas the eruption
Of a fire pent long in Scottish hearts ;

Embers of "45" relum'd. The sitting
Justice, his ermine overlooked, a
Guilty moisture stealing on his eyes, leans
To the boist'rous throng, breathing a smother'd
Whisper of acclaim. Scraps of song heighten
The roar of tumult until, more potent
Than the Sheriff's staff, confusion sinks
Before a woman's cry. 'Tis Hubert's wife's;
Pulling the husband from his honor'd perch
With trenchant sobs of joy. Save sympathy's
Low murmur, silence reigns.

Once more a court.

Disorder's head bows to authority.
Sternly brief the Judge's mandates. "Sheriff,
The prisoner is remanded. This man,
Felix Mull, take into custody. Hold him
For trial at the present session. Crier,
Adjourn the court until to-morrow."

At night the jailor enters Hubert's cell,

With cheerful greeting : "Hech mon ! I wonner
What ye 'll be sayin' now !"

"Awa' wi' ye !"

The testy answer comes. "What brings ye here ?
Canna a mon wi' ane foot on the gallows'
Steps be safe frae sic a coof ? What say I
Now ? An' I say ony thing it is to
Bid ye gang, an' lea'e me to my thoughts."

"Leuk

At that now !" and on the pris'ner's cot
Pours out a heap of gold. "Gowd, gowd, a' gowd !"
"Tak' it awa'," cried the impatient Hubert.
"'T is na mine."

"It is."

"A lie—a strappan lie.

Be aff, and tak' it wi' ye."

"Hearken,

A word or twa, my mon. Do n't fret yoursel'.
A lad cam' wi' the gowd."

"I care na for 't."

"A winsome lad; an' frae America."

"Anither lie," said Hubert.

"His name's Stephen."

"Troth!—ye hae troubled me eneugh. Be aff

Wi' a' yer clatter an' yer gowd, an' let me

Sleep a while. The morrow maun be met,

An' after that, nae need there'll be for gowd."

"To my mind, ye're a willfu', stubborn carl,"

The jailor said. "I tell ye that the gowd

Is yours."

"Had I this iron tackle frae

My wrists, I'd slap yer chaps. Sae git ye gane."

"A fretfu', badg'rin, crabbit carl ye are,"

The jailor said.

"Weel; an' there be mair sic

Filthy fother in yer crap, for Gude sake

Haud it fast."

"Did I na tell ye? Stephen

Is at the door! Come in—come in, my lad."

"Can I trust my een!—'t is sae, by a' the

Pow'rs aboon!—lad!—I scarce hae words
To speak! Ho! for Culloden ance again!
Ah, lad, the blissfu' days!—but gane, foriver
Gane! The villain Mull hae dragg'd me doon.
An' now the cruel la' hae grippit me,
An' few mair suns will shine upo' my path.
Tell me, Stephen, how cam' ye here?"

“To bring

Your gold. My father sent me.”

“There now!” the

Jailor cried. “Did I na tell ye?”

“I ask

Yer pardon. Sae ye did.”

“Two hundred pounds,”

Said Stephen. “Pray you count it.”

“Na, what need

O' counting? Sit yet doon. I've mony things

To spier about. An' o' the lass—bonny

Lass? How muckle hae I thought o' her!

Sidney, the winsome lassie?”

“ A wond’rous
Thing of her.”

“ Tell it.”

“ I doubt that you can
Hear it told.”

“ Speak on my lad. If e’en nae
Guid I’ll hear it. I hae gane through sic woes
O’ late, not death itsel’ can move me mair.
Speak ye on.”

“ She is your daughter.”

“ Stap—stap !

Na trifle wi’ a mon, sae near the door
O’ doom. It is nae *ye* should jest.”

“ On my

Honor, it is the truth. Believe me, she is
Sidney Lear.”

“ I maun believe it, Stephen,
An’ I maun. But be it joy or wae, I
Canna judge. O, lad! sae late to ken it!
Wad that sooner sic rare news had come. Fate!—

Fate!—that I should be sae blind ! Why iver
Were these een set in my head ? ”

“ Time is up,”

The jailor said. “ Time now to mak’ a’ fast.
Come wi’ me, lad. At morn ye can talk mair.
Come, lad.”

At midnight hour the jailor’s
Cautious entrance rous’d the sleeper up. “Hech!—
Mon!”—he spoke, “ ope’ yer een a bit. A word
Or twa between oursel’s.”

“ Could ye na wait
Till morn ? What is it ? ”

“ Freedom is verra
Dear, or nae ? ”

“ Aye—verra, verra dear.”

“ A’ a mon has he parts wi’, but to get it ? ”

“ Jailor, that’s ower true. Yes—for my ain sel’,
(I speak the truth), what gear the Laird hae cast
Into my han’, but naething is to freedom.”

“ Mair than eneugh ye hae to buy it.”

"How!

I dinna see 't."

"Mair than eneugh, I say.

I'll tell ye in a word, if sae ye wish."

"Speak on. Ye hae my thanks. If there 's a way
To steer frae further ills, what is it?"

"Fly."

"How can that be? I canna, if I wad,
Break through yer bolts and bars. What pow'r but
that

O' la' can find a way?"

"Gowd."

"What gowd?"

"What?—

Yer ain. It lies there by yer side."

"Tell me,

Jailor, is it in jest ye speak?"

"Na, sir,

Not I. I am nae mon o' jest."

"How much,

To turn the bolts? Ye see the gowd here lies.
How muckle o' the pile?"

"Is not sae great

A service worth the hale?"

"Na."

"Then I tak'

Twa parts an' lea'e ane?"

"Na—na."

"I wad na

Be unjust in the division, mon; it's
Na mysel' wad tak' undue advantage
O' anither. Na, na; strict honesty
Hae iver been my creed."

"I'm ower glad

To hear you say it. But frien' how about
Yer aith of office? Were ye na sworn to
Strict fidelity?"

"Ne'er ye min' that. Lea'e

That to me."

"But I'll na lea'e 't to ye, sir;

Na, not I. The Court to-morrow shall hear
A' about it. For gowd ye 'd break yer aith
An' let me rin? Deceitfu', de'il-begotten
Villain! Unbolt yer doors for gowd? Think ye,
Vile coof, I'd rin, though a' yer bolts were drawn?
I?—who listen'd to the pibroch's peal in
Edward's ranks? Rin awa! Na, by my saul,
I haud my honor higher than my life.
Rin!—I'll stay to see the trial out. If
The la' asks my head, let the la' tak' it.
But, an' the la' fail, ye'll see a Highlander
March frae the Court, grand as a king in purple.
Now gang. Na mair I'll bear your sight. Awa!"

The morrow followed, and the case was called.
No witness in the Crown's behalf appeared.
The jury, therefore, rendered a verdict
Of acquittal. Malcom Lear, by public
Proclamation was discharg'd. And that night
Malcom and wife and Stephen Milbray,

Wonder-thrill'd, sat down to supper at the
Judge's table. Long talks of forays, battles,
Skirmishes and fields of conflict lost or won.
Of Scottish noblemen, by Parliament
Attainted; of Lovat, Balmerino,
And Kilmarnock on the gory block.
In chronologic order, ardent in
Detail, the Royal cause reliv'd. Landing
On Scottish soil of the last scion of
The Kingly line of Stuart. Bonfires
Ablaze on Caledonia's peaks. The
Highland muster—growing ranks—the onward
March—the victors' standard rais'd on captur'd
Perth. Thence on to hurl the British lion
From Scotia's Capital; and foe o'erwhelm'd
At Preston Pans. Thence, crown'd with martial fame,
Crossing the border to the pibroch's strain,
To tread the soil of Britain. Then Falkirk!
And, alas! fatal Culloden Moor.

IV.

“ Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll !
Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
Calm or convuls'd—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime,
Dark-heaving ; boundless, endless, and sublime ! ”

Six days more stay'd Malcom in the Fatherland.
Meanwhile the Sessions sat, and Felix Mull,
Condemn'd on Malcom's evidence, was sentenc'd
To the hangman's noose. Sorry equivalent,
In lieu of Majesty's reward, set on
The vet'ran's head.

But all this while, Sidney,
So anxiously awaited, had not come.
The three set forth. Come to the British port,
Question was asked about the “ Mermaid,” vessel
That Sidney took. Unwelcome answer came.
Not come to port ; but rumor of her had.
She was, 't was fear'd, as many crafts before,

Made victim of the pirates ; pitiless
Successors of the buccaneers, ocean's
Worst scourge.

O'erwrought with apprehension, and
Heartsick, the party sailed. Controlling
Destiny led to the Western world. The
Voyage began in gloom. On the taffrail
Standing, borne onward by the breeze, moist vision
Scann'd reluctant fair Albion's sinking shores.
When morning came, wide spread on ev'ry hand,
Alone the restless sea.

On speeds the ship,
Bound for the Cuban Isle ; thence, to cast anchor
In the Hudson's mouth. At last the tropics
Reached. All-wondrous land ! Born of the sun, and
Nurtur'd by the sea. How beauty wraps her
Robes about the Sylvan Isles ! Spice-laden
Winds, proud of their burden, curl through the
Waving orange groves. In the green forest
Boughs, gay tinted birds, like fitful flames, blaze

On the raptur'd sight. Fruits, various hued,
Pendant in rich array, tempt the prone
Appetite. The giant palm, pride of the
Land, with tow'ring trunk and leafy turban
Crown'd, stands monarch of the clime.

Havana !

Caribbean's regal mistress, comes to view.
Aloft her frowning battlements stand guard
Above the narrow, rock-girt channel, a
Harbor leading to, unparallel'd in
All the world. But sudden the hope of
Entrance failed.

Up the Bahama channel
Came the hurricane, grand king of terrors !
Wild, raging havoc spread along the
Cuban shores. Fell minister of ruin !
Whose fierce rage unbounded devastation
Can alone appease. Quick on the vessel
Of our voyagers it fell. Down, broken,
Went the mast. Dismantled sails, to shreds. The

Helmsman from the rudder blown; the stricken
Ship, a toy in such rude hands, plung'd onward
Uncontroll'd. Onward—plunging in foam, the
Bark was driven. On, on, through waters, once
The intrepid Cortes, lur'd by conquest, plough'd;
Until, where floral Florida flings on the gulf
Her fringe of coral isles, forlorn the vessel
Drifted. The tempest lull'd. But other ills
Succeeded.

From out a dim, secluded
Estuary, a score of men, in armor
Clad, unshaven beards, slouch'd hats, and
Gaudy, ludicrous attire, hurried in
Swift approach. Standing upon the bow,
Cutlass in hand, girted with silken sash,
And features stern, the pirate captain stood.
Nearer the boat, and then his blatant voice
Made hail.

“What ship?”

“The Albatross,” reply

Was given.

“ From what port ? ”

“ London.”

“ How freighted,

And where bound ? ”

“ Woolens—cotton fabrics—silks

And merchants’ stores. Bound for Havana and

The colonies.”

“ What treasure ? ”

“ None.”

“ Under

Hatches send your crew. And by that stanchion

Stand you in quiet.”

Up o’er the gunwale

Rush’d the boist’rous gang—inexorable,

Bloodstain’d captors.

Pris’ners on shore, the day

Dragg’d weary in the captives’ cell. Morning,

Howe’er, brought theme for comment forth. Sidney,

Upon a mustang, garnish’d in silken

Housing, stirrups and bridle-bit of gold,
Rode down the street, attended by a slave.
Thrill'd with joy, the watchers at the casement
Welcom'd her approach. Once the barr'd window
Reach'd, a moment eyes met eyes. The mother
Sobb'd aloud—Malcom shouted—but Stephen
Silent blush'd. A frown flew quick to Sidney's
Brow. The spur sank in the palfry's flank; and
Rider and steed were gone.

Silent the three

Sat down; vacantly staring into each
Other's eyes. After a painful minute,
Malcom spoke :

, “ Wha would hae thought it ! Unco-
Strange it is ! Weel, weel, ane thing is certain—
She is na bairn o' mine. Na, na ; I say
Nae bluid o' Malcom Lear rins through sic hauty
Veins. Na, na. Let the hizzy gang.”

“ I am

Bewilder'd—bewilder'd ! ” groan'd the mother.

"Is this possible? Oh!—oh, my daughter!"

"'Tis that *I* am here," in deep depression

Stephen said.

"Hout!—hout!—what now is that?" the
Scot exclaim'd. "Na mair sic twaddalin, lad. I

Ken right weel, and ye can nae deny it,

Ye twa, the lass an' ye, are boun' in ban's

O' love. I will nae listen to sic talk."

The other answer'd not. And so, long silent

And dishearten'd mus'd they all.

The dusky

Twilight fell; and to the grated window

Came a negro girl with flow'rs and fruits. Some

Were bought. One orange, as a gift, she put

In hand of Malcom's wife.

"In truth we hae

Na muckle appetite the day," he said,

When gone the dusky vender; "but mindfu'

O' due courtesy, we maun taste her gift."

Breaking the yellow rind, only a note

Was found within.

“ Mother, beware ! I beg
You, seem to know me not. ’T were fatal to
Us all if otherwise. Mark well my words.
La Garde, the monster, has me in his toils.
Enslav’d, tormented, that I refuse what
I can ne’er bestow—my hand. More shall you
Daily hear.”

No more for gloomy days the
Palfrey with its rider pass’d. Despondent
Beat the mother’s heart ; and Stephen could not
Sleep. At last a letter came.

“ Bear up—have
Hope. Put trust in God. The hour has come. My
Maid, who brings the fruit and flowers, an angel
Proves. She has by toying dalliance won
Entrance to the warden’s heart, and access
To his keys. My groom, her lover, have I
Brib’d with my last coin. Sleep not. At midnight
Utter no word to one who shoots your dungeon

Bolt. Be silent and obey."

High and far
Reaching, grand Cordilleras! Thy peaks of
Snow were landmarks of a mighty, martial,
And primeval line of kings. Within thy
Mountain esplanades, deep dented, rock-bound
And lake adorn'd; home of the Aztec, native
Born, imperial lord! Erewhile, supreme
Dictator of a continent; follow'd
By destiny most low.

From mountain heights
The cooling breeze descended; skimming the
Glassy surface of the gulf, to fill the
Sail of Sidney's tiny craft. This, darting
In sable night from out the port, her groom
At helm, steer'd for the Everglades. And none
Too soon. Lights flash'd around the prison walls;
Flickered along the streets and avenues,
And on the pebbly shore. The bloodhounds' cry

Anon rose on the air ; and brisk commotion
Was astir.

Soon dipping oars, with rapid
Stroke, were heard ; then, in full earnest was
The race begun. Once in the tangled brakes
And reedy cypress swamps, and shelt'ring moss
Low hanging from the sturdy oaks, safety
Were won.

But listen !—more plashing oars at
Play !—exulting shouts arise !—the frighten'd
Fugitives descried at last !

Chub, the groom,
Over his shoulder darts one hasty glance.
Commander now, his orders brief ; Malcom
And Stephen put to new-plac'd oars—the helm
To Sidney—her maid, Cassandra, to a
Paddle—himself, with lusty will, tacking,
Sail shifting, rowing, and whatever else,
As peril prompts.

Nearer and louder, the

Pursuing band. The breeze a trifle slacks.
Malcom and Stephen tire. The former's wife,
With terror overwhelm'd, sinks fainting down.
Which side will win ?

V.

“ If there be any deeper deep,
Or lower level found ;
Kind Heav’n in gracious mercy keep
The secret in an endless sleep,
Or fence the fatal ground.”

MILBRAY, the miller, at his hopper sitting,
Obsequious was greeted by a youth
And girl, strangers to him, both clouded with
The Afric tint. The former spoke.

SINTON.

Is yo’

Name Middleberry, sah ?

LUTHER.

No, that ’s not my

Name.

SINTON.

Sartain—sartain, de mus be de mill !
Not Middleberry ? Suah, is yo’ ?

LUTHER.

Why, yes.

Do n't a man know his name? Pray, what is yours?

SINTON.

Chub, sah. Sinton Chub.

LUTHER.

Rather fishy. But

No matter. Is this your sister?

SINTON.

No, sah.

LUTHER.

What then?

CASSANDRA.

It do look cur'us like—yes sah,

But dar 's noddin 'spicious 'bout it, sah. We's

Not married yet, sah, so to speak—

SINTON.

Which am

De trufe. Yes, sah, de solomn trufe.

LUTHER.

Most like.

Your name? Are you another Chub?

CASSANDRA.

No, sah.

I'se Cassandra. My mammy was Cassandra.

De captain ob de ship nam'd her Cassandra.

She tole me dat.

LUTHER.

Yes. You've got a father?

CASSANDRA.

Dunno. De fuss one, mammy say, "nebbber

Yo' ax 'bout him, Cassandra. I get yo'

Nudder."

LUTHER.

So. Got you another, did she?

CASSANDRA.

Well, sah, to tell de trufe, de las' one I

Woulden hab. And, sah, I runn'd away. And

Mass' La Garde he kotch me in de canebrake.

Den gib me way to Mistis Sidney, sah.

LUTHER.

All very good. And now your business here?

SINTON.

Huntin' dis Massa Middleberry, sah.

LUTHER.

What for?

SINTON.

'Bout his chile—

CASSANDRA.

Yes, sah, 'bout his chile.

Dat 's it sah.

LUTHER.

About my child? I have no child. I had

A son grown up.

SINTON.

Dat 's de berry one, sah.

Stephen.

LUTHER.

Yes. My son's name was Stephen. What

Of him?

SINTON.

Dat's it, edzackly—

CASSANDRA.

Jes' dat, sah.

SINTON.

I'se gwine to explanate de succumstance.

LUTHER.

Well, I'll hear it. Go on.

SINTON.

Fings a good bit

Mixified; ain't dey, Cassandra?

CASSANDRA.

Jes' so.

Dat dey is.

SINTON.

And whar Mass' Stephen is jes'

Now, de Lor' ony doan know whar! Some way,

Sah, I doan know how, but trufe is, wese got

Misticated in de swamp. And sah, Mass'

Stephen, and ole Mass' Lear—

CASSANDRA.

An' his ole woman—

SINTON.

Yes, sah ; she, too, likewise, as Cassandra say—

CASSANDRA.

An' Mistis Sidney, sah—

SINTON.

Get los' in swamp.

LUTHER.

What swamp was it ?

SINTON.

'Way down souf, sah.

CASSANDRA.

Yes, sah ; dat's whar ; jes' as Sinton tell yo'.

LUTHER.

Has the swamp a name ?

SINTON.

De Ebberglades, sah.

LUTHER.

Why, boy, they are in Florida.

SINTON.

Jes' dar.

LUTHER.

Tell me, what were they doing there?

SINTON.

Well, sah,

De ship, in mightiful big blow, widout
Her sail or mas', driff berry close to sho'
An' pirate kotch her—

CASSANDRA.

Yes, sah—

SINTON.

De pirate,

Sah, what am La Garde, an'—

CASSANDRA.

He lock 'em up

In jail.

LUTHER.

How?—lock'd them in jail?

SINTON.

Dat he did.

An' in some cu'ous way, sah, in de dark—

CASSANDRA.

Berry dark, sah—

SINTON.

Dey all get out—

CASSANDRA.

Yes sah ;

An' runn'd away—

SINTON.

In de cockboat—

CASSANDRA.

Fas' as

Ebber we could.

SINTON.

Jes' as Cassandra say !

But biemby we heah de oa's behine us—

CASSANDRA.

An' mos' up!—

SINTON.

An' den I 'se look back, an' hi f

De mos' on us suah!—

CASSANDRA.

So dey was, sah!—

SINTON.

An' den all spring to fo' life!—

CASSANDRA.

Kase, sah, wese

Mos' kotch'd!

SINTON.

Jes' den, bress de Lor'!—

CASSANDRA.

Hi! hi! jes' den!—

SINTON.

De catspaw come—whew!—cockboat leff 'em in

A jiffy!

CASSANDRA.

Glory!—tank de Lor'! Yes, sah,
 Jes' as Sinton say. An' den, sah, wese all
 Hide in de swamp, an' doan git kotch'd. An' Mars
 Stephen say, ef wese doan stick togedder,
 Den wese mus' come heah.

A brief month sped,
 And two wayworn travelers, with garments soil'd
 And sun burn'd faces, threading the forest
 Path, drew near Culloden Brae. Ascending smoke
 In goodly column, was from the chimney curling.

"Sidney, lass," spoke one of them; "what
 Ken ye this a' means? Did ye not say the
 Biggin was clos'd up?"

"I thought it was."

"Weel,
 Let's see about the matter. Some deviltry's
 Afoot, na doubt. We'll see to 't."

Ent'ring, no

One was found. A fire blaz'd on the hearth. The
Simple household wares, as Malcom left them,
Were all in place. Turning away, to seek
Out Luther at his mill, their presence was
Discover'd. At the doorway, ere he was
Aware, Jock, with his paws on Malcom's breast,
Was howling joyful welcome. Laying his
Staff aside, the master sat, and conf'rence
With his old companion had. How much a
Dog may know, or glean from human speech, has
Not by zoologic doctors been found out.
But Jock drank at the wordy tide, with wild,
Enthusiastic glee. Then at his side
As erst, the three set forth to join their friend
Upon the Connawasset.

Meeting on the
Way a forester they knew, 't was told to them
How a pair of negro vagrants had their
Dwelling seiz'd upon.

“ Hech!—neebor! how is 't

Wi' ye mon?"—the least expected hail to
Luther, wrapt in silent musings at his
Hopper. "Gie us yer hond ance mair; an' think
Nae it is strikin' loofs wi' guilty felon.
Na—na. The la' hae wip'd the vile suspicion
Out; an' here ye leuk upo' a clean
Unspotted man. Aye, sir, and not asham'd
To walk the street by day or night. Ye see me,
Neebor Luther, straight up, an' open front
To greet ye. Sae, shake on, auld friend, I lo'e
A guid strang grip.

"An ken ye nae the lass,
Ance rinnin' mickle o'er the bracken hills?"
"Sure. Well I remember her."

"The bonny

Lassie ca's me *father* now. Sae ye see,
Guid luck hae foun' me out. An' to be here
Again! Troth, mon! I ne'er expectit to
Leuk upo' yer face again, or tread
Culloden Brae. Now I hae done them baith.

An' now anither matter. How is it, mon,
Ye let twa blackamoors into the biggin?
It stirs my verra bluid."

" Mayhap they had
No ither place," said Luther.

" Then tell me
If ye can, where Sidney an' mysel' can
Pass the night?"

" Here, in my house."

" Tak' my thanks.

But I say, I'll ne'er alloo the vagrant
Blacks to cuddle in my biggin. That 's a'
There is about it."

" I understand," the
Other said, " they are nice people."

" I care
Na for that. I say ance an' for a' I'll
Na permit it. You'll ken a breeze is blawin'
When I see the worthless trash."

" They are at hand ;

You can see them now."

"Where?"

"In my garden.

I'll call them in." His halloo quick was answer'd.

"Mars Lear!—Mars Lear!" exclaim'd the dusky
youth;

And rushed to Malcom. The girl spied the daughter.

"Mistis Sidney!—good Lord, Mistis Sidney!"

And falling on her knees, weeping apace,

Buried her face within the other's lap.

"Weel—weel—weel!" cried Malcom; "wonnors on
wonnors!"

How the worl' gangs! In a' my saxty yéars

Naethin's been like it. Bless my saul! how is 't

My een are wet? Laddie, I take your han'

As though ye were a king. I ne'er afore

Hae graspit ane wi' better will.

"Come now,

Lass, dinna sae mickle greet. Stan' up. Ye

Hae an honest face, that I weel ken. Let

Me wipe aff the tears. I ken yer rapture,
Leukin' on Sidney's face; I've felt it a'
Mysel'."

"Now you have seen them," Luther ask'd
When quiet came; "will you o'erlook their entrance
To the house?"

"Nae put sic idle question.
O'erleuk it! They may bide in it till doom.
It's nae half guid enough for people of
Sic worth. O'erleuk! why neebor, they maun stay
There till their pows bleach white as yours and mine.
Ye ken nae wha the pair o' seraphs are.
Why, neebor Milbray, let me tell ye, I'd
Ony day tak' aff my cap an' bow my
Head in rev'rance to them baith. They being,
Let me say, the Gen'ral Jail Deliv'ers
O' the time. I shall, at proper time, hae
Mickle mair to tell ye in their praise. Talk
Na o' biggins, sir, before sic noble
Company. A' I have scrapit up in

My hale life, these honor'd citizens are
Freely welcome to."

Then the two put questions
Numberless regarding Stephen and the
Other's wife. But of their weal or wo, naught
Could be told. The awful Everglades the
Secret kept. And of this dreary waste, Malcom
Had much to say.

"I wad na for the warl'"

So he asserted, "Meddle at a' wi'
Nature's handiworks; but in guid faith I
Ca' this job an eldritch botch. For life o' me
I canna tell the use o' a' the muck,
An' stumps an' snakes ane meets wi'. And mickle
Mair, sic roosty, rampant alligators, sir,
Lang's a schooner's mast. An' besides, what's maist
Amazin', musquito reg'ments, (blood-thirsty
Divils!) bizzin an' skelpin around, thick as
The simmer dust. Think o' a mon wi' head
Puffed like a bladder, twa times its proper

Size! 'T wad chill yer bluid to see 't.

“Why, neebor,

There 's na a mile but 's langest at the end ;
An' where there 's naethin' else but water, there 's
Na land at a'. An' ne'er a rinnin stream
That rins ! Na biggin, sir, where ane maun get
A bowl o' broose or drap o' ale. The man 's
Best aff wha owns nae acre o' it. Sair, sair
Trav'lin', wi' tree limbs on the ground, an' roots
Aboon ! Leuk at my breeks !—the verra best
Frae Paisley looms, an' now (deil tak' the snags),
A' ropes and strings, like fly nets on a horse.
That I, the wonner is, should hae the breath
O' life left in me ! Twa times chin deep in
Mud ; an' gettin' out, eneugh stuck to my
Claes to plant a crap o' kale. I gie my
Sacred word, a fathom deep, ane boot 's there yet.
Sae ye'll excuse my shameful' plight, mair like
A fasht ragmuffin than a sleekit,
Decent mon.”

A month—and from the absent
Pair no news. All modes of inquiry prov'd
Fruitless. The bereav'd must wait. But time pac'd
Wearily. Only could action dull the point
Of grief. While Malcom rear'd a nobler
Structure on Culloden Brae, the color'd
Pair dwelt in his quondam hut. Sidney,
Old tastes renew'd, with rod and feather'd hook,
Found pastime in the Connawasset's foam;
Or, sportsman arm'd, trac'd the ware pheasant in
Its sylvan haunts. Frequent paus'd, musing where
The deer was slung, its fleshless bones now strewn
Upon the mold; part of the cord decay'd
And sever'd, yet pendant from the bough. Once,
Once only, sat upon the granite peak,
Embalm'd in perpetuity by lovers'
Whispered vows.

The miller, grave of face and
Slack of words, distraught and stricken, daily
At his hopper sat. A man of pray'r, by
(14)

Faith inspired, trusting there still was balm in
Gilead. Nor fruitless trust.

A wagon,
Cushion lin'd and slowly moving, one day
Arriv'd. A woman, wan and languid, looking
Out, inquir'd for one call'd Milbray. The man
Address'd made answer. Then lending aid, from
Out the vehicle, in chief part lifted,
A haggard form was help'd. Quickly the father
Came. Joyful and tearful salutation !
But falling on clos'd ears. No smile, or word,
Nor look respondent. Nothing but vapid,
Dull fatuity.

Malcom came. Came to
Clasp the wife in fond embrace ; and breathe
The word of welcome in her ears. And then
On Stephen look'd. What piercing bolt shot through
The gen'rous, Scottish heart ! No time for words
Of social intercourse. In silence sat
They all ; the mystic chord of sympathy

In Luther's grief making them one.

Across

The footbridge, o'er the Connawasset, Sidney
Was coming. In unity of purpose,
All left the room; and told her what had chanc'd
Without. After short conf'rence, Sidney went
Alone. Enter'd the room—glanced at the form
Recumbent on the couch. Rous'd by her presence,
Stephen sat up. As she nearer came, stood
On his feet. In smother'd accent came the
Tender phrase, "My love!"—and putting forth her
hand.

Oblivious of the past, nor cognizant
Of what the action meant, a glance was cast
Upon the proffer'd palm; and drawing back,
Once more stretch'd on the couch, and with averted
Face turn'd to the wall.

Beside that bed, the

Wreck of the relentless typhus press'd, the
Maid fell on her knees.

“ Divine Redeemer ! ”

So her pray'r began ; “ make me to drink this
Cup, submissive to Thy will. Strengthen !—O, give
Me strength ! proportion'd to the burden—and
Willing patience. This anguish, supported
By Thy tender mercy, O, give me grace
To bear. Meek, penitent, heartbroken, humble,
I come to plead my cause. Let not my
Poverty of words lessen the sum of
Mercy it demands. Turn ill to good—
Calamity's fast fetters break—the fallen
Lift by Thy restoring touch. O, hear, and
Answer, thou omnipotent, alleviating
King ! Lay to the healing virtue of Thy
Hand, and like the hapless watcher at the
Pool, the stricken one may rise.”

From this hour

Forth, abundant occupation Sidney had.
To one sole end and purpose all her care
Was bent—all zeal, devotion, earnestness

And love. Fix'd and resolute she took the
Task in hand. By day and night the vigil
Was prolong'd.

A few weeks passed, and on the
Connawasset's sylvan banks, short strolls were
Taken. Hand in hand, the pair went forth. Few
Words, but hers, beguil'd the fleeting hours. At
The cool mountain springs and rivulets, and
Under arching boughs long sitting were.

By

Her hand was willing service lent—the hat,
The coat and vest brushed oft—the shoe strings
tied—

Fann'd was he in the summer heat—to his
Lips the goblet held—comb'd and curl'd the newly
Growing locks—and cautious leading over
Rocky paths and prostrate trunks.

Day by day

The wand'rings lengthen'd out. Visits were made
To high Culloden Peak. Here, in silence

Sitting, the afflict'd youth heard, heedless,
All Cassandra's endless chat. Or, with the
Vacant gaze, beheld the builders, plying
The plane and saw. Jock, in fawning revel,
Bade them welcome; most pleas'd when Stephen (by
His leader taught), plac'd his lean hand upon
The spaniel's head.

News—news from Scotland! A
Messenger from Judge Marr, who sat at Malcom's
Trial. By his appeal to royal clemency,
An act accomplish'd. Restoration made
To Malcom Lear, the oldest son, of lands
And title, by his father forfeited,
In taking arms to aid the cause of Charles.
Both to be Malcom's on his return for
Residence to Scotland. Failure in this,
Title of baron thence to be foregone.
So ran the letter, put in Malcom's hands.
He plac'd his specs—broke ope the seal and read

The missive through. Then rose and drew two cups
 Of ale ; gave to the agent one, and drain'd
 Himself the other. Then turn'd to the task
 Again, for second reading.

Silent the

Perusal ; but voiceless lips in constant
 Play—a few words, patient spelling out—
 Redoubling on his track where doubts arose—
 The ceiling sometimes scanning with knit brows ;
 And so got to the end.

“ Puzzled a wee ; ”

With fingers in his hair—“ fasht am I wi’
 This thrang o’ words. I’m na ower guid at readin’
 Copyhan’ ; an’ chiels bred to the la’ write
 Sic a han’, as na the de’il himsel’ can read.
 Now, as I tak’ it, here ’s a splether aboot
 Some lan’s, an’ title o’ nobility ? ”

“ Yes, sir. By gracious clemency and favor
 Of King George (long may he live !) the fair estates,
 Here in the letter nam’d, now vest in you,

The eldest son, Sir Malcom Lear surviving;
Also the title, baronial, fast by
Prescription in the line of leal and loyal
Subjects, your honor'd ancestors. You are
Sir Malcom now."

"Am I?" question'd the other.
"Humph!—leuk at me ance. Think ye I mickle
Favor a nobleman? Saw ye e'er a
Baron, in a' yer days, wi' shanks and breeks
Like these? Sir Malcom, ha!—but na, Sir Malcom,
If I gae back to Scotland not again.
Gude knaws, I lo'e the native heather—na
Man mair. Think ye I wad gie this noble
Kintra up? Maist winsome I wad say, (savin',
As I hae cause to know, ane unco wat,
Besplat'rin' muckhole in the South), the sun
Has in his ee! Na ca' ye me again,
Sir Malcom. An' ye do, I'll send ye back
Wi' something mair than thanks."

"As may be your

Pleasure, sir. No offence was meant. Then, as I understand, the lands you'll hold, but not the Title of a baron ? "

" Ye may sae tell

The Judge. An' gie him, frae me, maist gratefu' Thanks, for a' his trouble. I am na cauld At heart ; an' shall his kindness ne'er forget. But here, where I hae pass'd my best o' days, I'll spend a' that remain. An' here my banes Maun rest.

" Ye may tell my fellow sodger, Col. Marr, that for nine thousan' pund I'll Sell him a' the lands. 'Ten thousan' they are Worth ; but ane of this, in payment o' his Kindness I throw aff. An' let me say, in Mem'ry o' companionship in arms, when, Wi' the must'rin Highland clans, we a' agreed To stand or fa' wi' royal Charlie."

Changeless love, and mutual troth. And as the
Maiden look'd, a tear stole down the
Other's cheek ; and for the first, his eyes now
Fir'd with mental health, were steadfast set on
Hers.

“ Dear love ! ” impulsive, warm, came greeting
From her lips. Stephen, as stung, recoil'd. A
Moment, and the brief spark of intelligence
Was out. Again the eyes swam in the old,
Accustom'd maze.

“ Noo Sinton, lad, Cassandra
An' yousel baith in, shut to the door. I
Hae somewhat to tell. Mark weel my words. It
Is o' matters potent that I speak. Observe.
My neebor, Milbray, an' mysel' hae ca'd
The doctor in. Leukin' the matter ower,
The man o' pills hae order'd Stephen aff
To ither parts. Sidney, despite a' counsel,
Circumspection an' advisement, decides,

Belike a' womankind, wi' him to gang.

An' sae it rests.

“Noo listen, baith; here comes

The point. We canna trust a' to her hands.

'T wad be sair folly; health an' strength wad fail.

Sae, rinnin' the matter through my mind, I

Come to this: Ye twa will hae to join the

Expedition.”

“Mars Malcom!” shouted both.

“E'en sae it is. Sinton maun tak' the helm.

Muckle there'll be to do. For a' I ken,

Ye maun be years awa'; an' possibly

Gang ower the foreign lan's.

“An' noo, observe;

The fountain o' my past experience

Tappin', I lay some lessons doon for yer

Observance.

“The first o' a' tak' note of this:

Whaiver maun turn up, set ne'er a foot

In that maist blastit, gudeforsaken swamp

In Florida. Mark that."

"Yes, Mars Malcom."

"Chiels o' a' kinds and breeds ye'll meet. Beware
O' bummers, pill venders, patent dabblers,
Alms leeches, soap inventors an' the like.
Na traffic hae wi' thimble riggers, mind;
A cannie, slidd'ry, misbegotten race.
Leuk weel to chiels wi' ban's o' crape woun' roun'
Their hats. In wat sheets niver sleep. Speak wèel
O' kings wha's kintra ye are in. Foul if
The water is where ye maun 'bide, drink ale.
Court'ous your bearing unto a' ye meet;
But put na substance o' yer grave affairs
In strangers lugs. Jauk na in silly gab
Wi' frien' or foe; as I can truly witness
For mysel', na profit foun' I iver
Foolin' wi' farmers' dogs; or pokin' crabbit
Fishmonger hizzies in the ribs. Pay prompt
Yer bills as they fa' due. Tak' change that's neither
Ower muckle or too sma'. To orders quick

Obedience gi'e; bringing or taking messages,
 Lea'e na item out. Laugh na aloud
 Attendant at the boord, though fun enough
 There be to split yer sides.

“Noo, harken baith ;

Bring but this couple safely back, an' ye shall
 Hae a lot o' lan' wi' house an' byre, beds,
 Beddin', furniture, cattle an' team, an'
 A' to be yer ain.”

“Mars Malcom !” both in

Raptures cried. “Lord bress yo' fo' ebber, and
 Fo' ebber !”

“Noo, last o' a'. Attention

Gi'e. It wad unseemly be, that ye, twa
 Yonkers, in the heat an' fire o' flesh an'
 Bluid, should, at a' times o' day or night, in
 A' conditions, situations, connections
 An' positions, be *twa* instead o' *ane*.
 Therefore, be aff, just as ye are, hunt
 Up a minister, professor, judge,

Justice, notary, or the like, an' hae him
Marry yc forthwith."

"Hi!—hi!" Cassandra
Shouted. "Lor' a massy! Mars Malcom, what
Yo' mean?"

"Be aff, I say; an' hae the knot
Weel tied."

"Cassandra!" Sinton reproachful
Cried; "doan yo' laugh. Stop dat; and come right
long
Wiff me."

"Ha! ha!—yes Sinton; indeed I 'se go
Wiff yo—but—"

"Well, den, come straight."

"Fo' de Lor',
Mars Malcom, how is dis? Is yo' ser'ous?"

"Cassandra!" the other call'd without the door.
"Yes, Sinton. Out do', is you? I 'se be dar
Right 'way. Laws! Mars Malcom, what cu'ious man
Yo' is! Ha! ha! ha!—nebber in my baun days—

Nebber—"

"Cassandra! I 'se waitin'."

"I heah

Yo', Sinton. Mars Malcom yo' do beat all!

Was dar ebber sich a man befo'!"

"Cassandra?"

"Yes—yes. Doan I say I come?

Ony to tink!—ha! ha!—bress de Lor! Where's

Yo' guine to, Sinton? Dis do beat all, since

I 'se baun into dis heah worl'!"

The cov'ring snow

Fell fleecy on Culloden brae. The Scot

And wife, before them Jock outstretched, sat by

The roaring logs. Three months had now gone past

Since Sidney left. As yet no word had come.

However, she had, parting, said nothing

Except good tidings need be look'd for. As

They mus'd, Milbray, the neighbor, white with snow

Came to the door. When, by the matron's hand

Clean brush'd, the chair was plac'd before the cheerful

Flame. Anon he drew a letter forth. His
Friends both read it through. 'T was Sidney's letter,
Written from Aberdeen; and to the miller
Sent. Alas!—it might as well have not been
Sent at all. Noted physicians, English
And Scottish both, had been consulted. All
Of one mind: Scant hope.

No time appointed
For returning home. Nor would she pain them
With another letter, bearing sad news.
So they must wait.

Winter!—monarch supreme
O'er all the icy realm, twice came in pomp
Of storm and blast, relentless tramp'ling Autumn's
Glory out, and in a playful gaiety
Resplendent jewels hanging on the crags.
Cheerless the landscape round. On the wide reaches

Of the snow, in devious, mazy lines, footprints
On all sides of the forests nightly prowlers
Stamp'd. The roaring Connawasset, pride of
The leafy woods, but voiceless now, creeps hidden
To the river's bed. No carol of the summer's
Choir is heard. Lone left of all the feather'd
Tribes, the drumming pheasant, close shelter'd in
The laurel clumps, distasteful fellowship
Greets in its Arctic visitant, the owl.
Around the sun-lit mountain peaks, in frosty
Vesture clad, gleam in the chilly air.
Beneath the straw-thatch'd shed the shiv'ring herd
Is group'd; and household bevvies cluster at
The hearth.

Two vernal springs—two summers came.
And as the wild fowl, vocal overhead,
Proclaim'd the autumn's reign, came trave'lers
From abroad.

The supper through, and dishes
Put away, Malcom and wife took places

At the hearth, listless to pass the hour. But
 Suddenly were hasty steps without. Up
 Flew the latch—the door burst ope ; and with a
 Bound Cassandra enter'd.

“ We ’se come !—we ’se come !

O ! Mars and Mistiss ! heah we is ! We ’se com’d
 At las’.”

“ An’ glad—maist glad we are,” the Scot
 Replied. “ I was this vera moment rinnin’
 The matter through my min’. I ’m ower glad
 To leuk upo’ yer face. But, but Cassandra,
 What, what maun the bundle be yer haudin’
 • In yer arms ? ”

“ Lor !—Lor ! Mars Malcom, why yo’
 Ax ? What ’s dis ?—dis heah ? Dis, dis sah, am
 Malcom Chub, sah.”

“ By my saul ! ye dinna
 Say ’t ! Malcom Chub ? I ’ll feel o’ him. He ’ll na
 Break in twa, an’ I tak’ hauld o’ him ? ”

“ Lordy !

No! Mars Malcom. You may han'le him right Smart. No break 'bout him, sah. No, no; jes feel Dat leg."

"I see. A canny, strappan limb!
How 's the ither?"

"Jes de same, Mars Malcom.
Jes de same. Yes, sah, edzackly. Jes yo'
Look at it."

"I'll tak' yer word for 't, Cassandra.
Let me have him."

"Mos two yeah ole, he is.
Now liff him up. Up wis yo' darlin'! Ain'
He nice?"

"Why, that 's a' true. What sparklin' een!"
"Dat is so, and den his hand, Mars Malcom!
He can liff mos anyting; so berry
Strong in hands."

"Yes, faith!—he's got me by the
Nose already."

"Ha, ha, ha!—dat's jes his

Cu'ous ways: Was dar ebber sich a chile?"

"Na—na. He's tap o' the list. Hech!—laddie!

Tak' yer paw out o' my mou!"

"Did 'n I

Tell yo', Mars Malcom? O, nebber, nebber

Sich a chile!"

"There, noo!—the wee bit villain, wi'
Baith hans hae grabbit in my hair!"

"He, he, he!

Hole 'im off—hole 'im off!"

Ere Malcom was

Aware, the wond'ring travelers group'd 'round
Him.

Graceful the form with look benign,
Of her the father clasp'd. Erect and noble,
His eyes relum'd with intellectual grace,
The man whose hand he took. No longer boy
But man. Debility had chang'd to strength;
Suff'ring to health. To healing art from bookish
Fountain drawn, in this case may be added,

Full draughts restorative from ocean's breeze
And heather air. And not a little
Commendation due, to salmon conflicts,
On the Caledonian friths, and locks, and
Rushing streams.

(Contributed by Ossian Marr, Esq., of Auckingill, Scotland.)

Hang pendants of the willow
On Connawasset's flight ;
For Sorrow's briny billow
Breaks on Culloden's height ;
And on the miller's pillow
Drop tears the livelong night.

Far, far on Orkney Islands
The tristful party roam ;
Or in the Scottish Highlands
Despondent tread the broom ;
'T was in the good ship "Weiland"
They left the natal home.

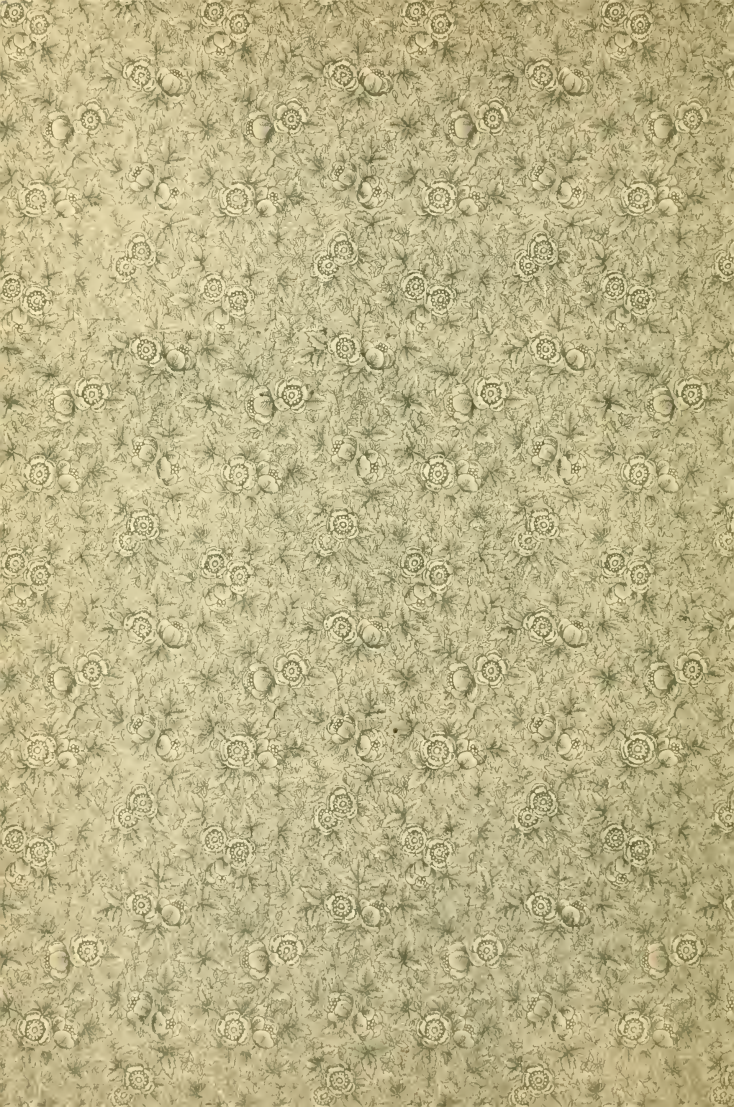
Now sits the mother knitting
O'ercome with boding fears ;
And by his hopper sitting
The miller melts in tears ;
And Malcom's peace is flitting
As he strokes the spaniel's ears.

But joy at Brae Culloden !

Hearts glad as hearts can be !
For on the " Bonny Snowden,"
Across the swelling sea,
Come Stephen and the maiden
To bless the waiting three.

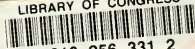
The cloud the youth was under
Dropt on the Highland moor ;
'T was Sidney's nursing tender
Help'd on the final cure ;
And, the trip produced a wonder !
Cassandra's blackamoor !

THE END.





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